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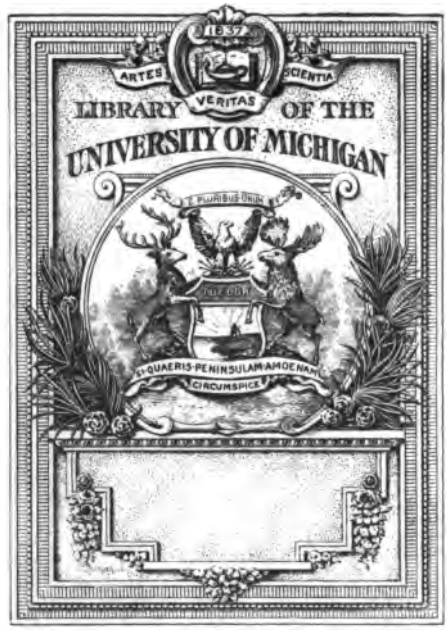
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The Classics and Modern Training

A Series of Addresses Suggestive of the Value of Classical Studies to Education

By

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TO MY WIFE

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PREFACE

THIS series of addresses is published in the hope of interesting the general reader in a few matters connected with the study of Greek and Latin, and if possible to call attention to the value of the ancient languages and literatures to education; for in these days of strenuous exertion in many fields of utilitarian importance the popular interest in antiquity seems to be more theoretical than real, if indeed it be not actually negative. The papers are mere sketches. Scholars will find in them much to criticise. But at their hands indulgence is asked, inasmuch as the aim of the little book is to reach only that portion of the community, whose patience is of necessity limited, and in whose eyes the detail of scientific accuracy is frequently unwelcome. If the casual observer shall be moved, through the perusal of what is here presented, to devote any part of his time or influence to upholding the interests of a cause that is without doubt a losing one just at the present time, this slight effort will not have been wholly fruitless.

The addresses are connected by a very slen-

der thread. They were composed independently—in different years; yet each of them had behind it a purpose similar to that of the rest, and this common purpose has been dwelt on—perhaps with what may seem to be wearisome iteration.

Taken together, the papers have more to do with Greek than with Latin, for Greek studies require to be sustained in popular estimation, whereas Latin is relatively secure. Even among teachers the importance of Greek is underestimated—often indeed by those who regard Latin as a first requisite in education, while people in general appear to be oblivious of the fact that any thorough knowledge of Roman antiquity is beyond the reach of educational endeavour, unless there lie beneath it some acquaintance with Greek.

Among the books to which I am indebted for information and suggestion are: the works of John Addington Symonds; Mr. W. L. Courtney's little treatise entitled *The Idea of Tragedy;* the small volume on *The Greek Drama*, by Mr. Lionel D. Barnett; *The Poetics of Aristotle* (edited by Professor Butcher); and *The Meaning of History*, by Mr. Frederic Harrison.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.,
January, 1905.

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The Classics and Modern Training

I

A PLEA FOR THE CLASSICS IN OUR SCHOOLS, WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO LATIN

IF there be one thing more certain than another, it is that Latin and Greek no longer hold the place as educational agencies which they occupied one hundred or, indeed, even fifty years ago. The advancement of science, the expansion of commerce, the increase and growth of modern literature have all contributed to crowd the ancient classics out of our schools, that their room may be filled by subjects of more modern and presumably of more practical value. Of the two so-called dead languages, Greek has suffered the

more in this respect. That Latin holds its own in the schools is proclaimed as a fact by some optimists and statisticians; but figures lie. After the first year of the high-school course, the power of the elective system intrudes to break asunder the old order of things, and Latin becomes a subject of relatively small importance in the eyes of both teacher and pupil.

In view of this general situation, it is natural to ask whether Latin and Greek have any right at all to a place in the school curriculum, and what that place may be, if any exist. The question is not new. It has been asked a thousand times within the last quarter of a century, and many have been the papers and pamphlets on the subject that have issued from the literary workshops of ardent teachers and steadfast supporters of tradition. But the iconoclast has his place in the community, and the sooner we recognise him the better. Nor is he an unmixed evil. Radicalism goes with progress, and progress involves always a change of front. The relative importance of the ancient writers to civilisation at large has necessarily undergone alteration within half a century, although in the body of what may be called the permanent literatures of the world, those antique masterpieces which have been resuscitated and spread abroad since the

beginning of the Italian Renaissance will no doubt hold a place for all time.

When Macaulay essayed to condemn the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery, he could think of nothing more caustic to say than that they would be read when Homer and Vergil were forgotten, but not till then. To his mind Homer and Vergil were types of the abiding and permanent in literature. But what Macaulay said in the first half of the nineteenth century may have little bearing upon the practical needs of present day education. In his time the world had hardly done more than begin to question the pre-eminence of the ancient classics as efficient instruments of mental training. Latin and Greek were still the staple pabulum whereon the mind of the youthful aspirant to school or even university honours was fed, as well as the chief source of literary inspiration to the essayist, the historian, and the poet. Macaulay's letters and essays are an ever-present witness to the manner in which his own mind was steeped in classic lore, and his style throughout his published writings savours ever of the spirit of antiquity. In his day Latin was almost the first thing taught to the infant denizen of the state, and all but the last thing of which an English gentleman would care to confess his ignorance.

It may be said, however, that the importance attached to the study of Latin and Greek in the first half of the nineteenth century was owing in large measure to tradition—that it was, in part at least, a reminiscence of the age when the classics had few if any rivals in the educational field—of an age when the literatures of modern Europe were only beginning to see the light, and when science was comparatively in its infancy.

But the situation is changed. The outlook is shifted. Tradition has gone to the wall, and some other consideration must enter into the question as a determining factor, if the classics are to hold their ground in our schools. Mere tradition, whatever its power, is incapable of maintaining itself for more than a limited time, and unless the classics are susceptible of a valuation based on their inherent qualities, and looking to a definite educational purpose, their days must of necessity be numbered.

If then the vogue which the classics have enjoyed in the past has been owing in great measure to the lack of anything to take their place, it may well be that they have served their legitimate end in our schools, and should give place to other things. In our time there is too much to be learned that is of genuine influence for good, both in literature and all

the sciences, to justify us in clinging to that which is of doubtful value. If our young people are to be rightly trained, and if the study of language for any reason be regarded as essential to their training, there are languages enough, in all conscience, from which we may make selection, without having recourse to the products of a time whose records and monuments no longer make appeal to our judgment and common sense. Why spend years in teaching boys to translate Caesar and Xenophon, Homer and Vergil, if German and French authors will answer the same or a better purpose, or even if the time thus expended were better devoted to the elements of natural science? The radical changes of the past fifty years in all our methods of thinking and living, the irresistible drive toward commercialism and the money-making business of life, must of necessity affect our ideas and ideals of education, and tend to give them a trend and a quality more suggestive than formerly of the immediately tangible and real.

Now, so far as it seems possible to discover, no very scientific reason why Latin and Greek should be made a special subject of study by the child has ever been positively advanced. Wherever habit and tradition have been broken in upon, there has been no lack of eulogy of

the beauties of the ancient literatures. It has been quite in order always to dilate upon the artistic perfection of the ancients and their superior wisdom; to tell how the Greek drama excels the modern, and how all historians are surpassed by Thucydides; to enlarge on the grace of Vergil's style and his ideal patriotism; to suggest the inferiority of other lyric poets to Catullus, Sappho, or Pindar; to point to the skill of Herodotus and Livy in pleasing narrative, and to Caesar's matchless ability in recording the movements of army corps and the events of a military campaign.

But something more scientific than all of this is desirable if we mean to defend a position that would make Latin (and if possible Greek) a definite and universal requirement in the training of the schoolboy.

Now, whenever an educational problem presents itself for solution—a problem that involves a principle of training, not a mere matter of administration or arrangement,—it is important that the teachings of psychology should not be wholly ignored. Education, though in part a physical process, is mainly a discipline of the mind, and whatever serves us best as an instrument of mental development (whether it be Latin or Greek or mathematics, or anything else), that is the thing upon which

we should lay fast hold. What then can the classics do for our intellectual growth that cannot be done equally well by other agencies? What has psychology to say on this point?

A leading department of psychology, one that has been largely developed in recent years, is the department of physiological psychology. Workers in this field of investigation tell us that all the phenomena of mind are the result of or at least coincident with certain activities or changes taking place within the brain, and that these activities or changes belong to certain groups of cells, certain nerve centres, which have been clearly located and defined. Experiments have been made upon the crania of animals and the brain of man, which afford proof that all mental processes are conditioned by corresponding physical processes operating within the brain, and may be studied from the physical as well as the purely mental point of view.

A familiar mental process is the formation of concepts—a process affecting certain well-known nerve centres approximately located in the brain, and recognised as concept centres. Any brain work that helps to develop these concept centres assists thought and enlarges the reasoning powers.

What is a concept? The word is merely a

technical term for that which in colloquial language we often call a notion or idea. What kind of idea? A generalisation from two or more particulars. My eyes behold an oak, a hemlock, a spruce, a pine, a fir. Each of these is an object merely of sense-perception. From this aggregation of sense-perceptions in my brain I evolve an idea. That idea I call "tree." It bears the characteristics which the five objects just mentioned have in common, but is not identical with any one of them. It is a pure abstraction, but it serves as a standard by reference to which I am able to recognise and classify any one of the many objects capable of being ranged under the name "tree." By a similar process of reasoning, I acquire the abstract ideas, "boat," "house," "city," "book," etc. Such ideas are technically known as concepts. The act of comparison by which they are conceived brings into play certain functions of the brain that are elementary, and necessary to all thinking. In brief, the concept is essential to logical reasoning, and whatever assists most in developing those brain centres which have to do with the capacity to form concepts tends most directly to the strengthening of the powers of logical and scientific thinking.

Now, it is often said, and generally believed,

that the study of mathematics contributes more to the developing of the powers of reasoning than any other discipline. I believe this to be a psychological error. Mathematics have their place, and most important it is, in the educational scheme; and most assuredly at a certain stage of the youth's development they are indispensable; but in early childhood at least the study of language properly pursued may do more than any other one thing to encourage the formation of concepts in the mind and the growth of the concept centres of the brain.

Language, in fact, both for all that it conveys in the way of wisdom and information, and for its own sake when taken as a formal, abstract discipline, is, and must always be, the centre round which all other educational agencies ought to gather, as round a subject of paramount importance and influence; for, in the words of Mr. S. S. Laurie, "language is in the broadest and highest sense formative." It would not be difficult to support this position by the citation of weighty opinions; but here at least it will be sufficient to say that the psychologists of the school already alluded to, as well as Professor Laurie himself, are among those who are extensively committed to this view.

It would seem to be true, then, that language study is most essential to proper mental development; that it is a vital part of any curriculum of general study intended to educate the youthful mind. But language study may be carried on with one of three aims or purposes. We may study a language with particular reference to the subject matter about which it speaks to us—that is, in order to be able to make use of it in ordinary reading, writing, and speaking. This aim may be described as imitative or objective. Again, we may study a language with special reference to its form, as opposed to its content—that is to say, grammatically, analytically, scientifically; or we may study with the mind of the artist whose chief purpose is grace of expression. This last verges on the sphere of rhetoric. There is training in the first, training and special discipline in the second, and culture in the third. But it is to the first that I chiefly refer when I say that the schoolboy should be trained in language. The second should, however, be added, but to a limited extent only. The study of grammar in its purely subjective aspects should be reserved for college and university courses.

Within certain limits, however, which need not at present be more closely defined, formal

grammar or syntax ought to be made a regular part of the school curriculum. The child who has learned to recognise a noun or a verb by its function in the sentence must previously have acquired the corresponding concept by reference to which the act of recognition takes place, and the classification by the child of the simple facts of syntax involves an act of comparison, than which no more effective preliminary to logical and scientific thinking can be found.

Granting then the supreme importance of language study to early education, let us ask which of the languages will best serve the end we have in view. First and foremost, of course, comes the mother tongue. That English, however, is, in its structure alone, more suited to purposes of discipline than other languages is doubtful. There are educators in England and this country who would rank it below Latin and Greek, and even French and German, where the question of early training is concerned. Dr. M. P. Jacobi, writing on the subject of Language in Education, places it very low in the scale, and seems to think that for the study of grammar it is all but useless.

I fail to follow her in this. It is true that English has lost most of its inflectional end-

ings; but the functional elements of an English sentence are none the less apparent if we look for them, and may be determined by analysis as readily as those of another tongue. Fortunately, there are other considerations which urge the propriety of placing English first on our list. Among these is the fact that simple patriotism, we might almost say morality, requires the mother tongue—the vernacular, the language in which the American citizen must do his thinking—to be fully and adequately taught in the schools, even at the sacrifice of other interests. To this end everything else should be subservient. All honour to those schools and colleges and boards of education, and other like authorities, who of recent years have laid unwonted stress upon the study of English. But chiefly, to quote Mr. Laurie once more, "if the form or mould into which each man's mental life runs . . . be his own vernacular, then Latin, Greek, or French, or German, can never be a substitute for this, but only, at best, contribute to the richness, explicitness, fullness, and fitness of the native medium." This can hardly be gainsaid.

We have now to inquire what language or languages should be added to English in the schools, and if more than one, what should be the order of preference. And here we must

be mindful to speak from the standpoint of the psychologist, or at all events from that of the professional teacher who may be willing to make the tests of psychology in this field a guide or standard. Our choice is to be governed by the well-ascertained possibilities of the language in question, viewed only as a means of mental training, and not as an aid to commercial gain or to the gratification of fancies, tastes, or preferences. The relative merits of the various literatures of Europe, whose inviting pages are ever open to those able to peruse them, are matters to be considered at the proper time; they do not enter into our present inquiry. What we have to note just now is the adaptability or suitability of one language rather than another to the needs of the young boy or girl, whose powers of logical thinking (always feeble in the child) are to be trained and developed.

Without doubt the reader will have anticipated my meaning, and will say that I have in mind the languages of ancient Rome and Greece, and that I intend to put these forward as of supreme educational value in the premises. I have endeavoured, however, to lead up to this point in logical fashion, and shall seek to show that Latin at least, if not Greek, most fully deserves to take precedence (within

the limits already laid down) not only of the modern tongues, but also of the physical sciences, in the school curriculum.

In the first place, in the great Indo-European family of languages, not more than six (apart from English) are of genuine importance to our theme. They are Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, and High German. Of these, Latin makes the most exclusive use of concrete words and phrases, and therefore of the greatest number, in proportion to its vocabulary, of words representing pure sense-perceptions. To illustrate, the concrete nature of the Latin way of speaking may be seen in its mode of expressing such an idea as, *e. g.*, "from the founding of the city." The word "founding" represents an abstraction, from which the Latin shrinks. The ancient tongue expresses the notion in words capable of being literally rendered, "from the city founded." Again, the phrase, "from my boyhood," if translated into Latin, would take the form "from me a boy," in which the abstract noun "boyhood" is avoided. Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, and it would be interesting to show, by means of instances drawn from literature, how Latin differs from English in this respect, and even to extend the comparison to other modern languages.

Now, the concrete should precede the abstract in education. The road from kindergarten to college is paved at first with concrete blocks. These may be said to become less frequent, less often visible, as the path winds afterward into the mazes of the more abstract material of literature and philosophy and science. Here, then, we have one reason at least for preferring Latin to other languages at the outset, especially as concepts are most readily acquired from the comparison of concrete things. Accompanying this quality of concreteness, and perhaps to be regarded as a result of it, is a marked simplicity of expression in the Latin, wherein other languages would seem to be relatively lacking. Simplicity usually goes with logical order of arrangement, and, as we all well know, the order of thought, the common sequence of ideas, in classical Latin is exceptionally logical, and true to the natural development of cause and effect.

We have then two qualities at least (if not three) in which Latin surpasses other tongues as a desirable instrument in early training, viz., a greater proportion of words standing for concrete things and affording the best material for practice in forming concepts, and, in addition to this, a ruling tendency to logical order in the arrangement of words in a sentence.

I do not mean to imply that the four modern languages just alluded to are wholly wanting in these characteristics. Nor would I suggest that they are more difficult of acquisition than the Latin. On the contrary, the most difficult of the modern languages above named (which is German) is more easily learned than either Latin or Greek by a person accustomed for even a few years to modern methods of thought and expression. But this is not our point. Our question regards merely the value of Latin to school training—a value that is enhanced by the concrete simplicity of the Latin vocabulary, and the logical character of the Latin grammar. When Latin appears to fail in these particulars, and to become abstract or complex, the variation may be traced usually to extraneous rather than to inherent causes, and especially to the influence of Greek ideas upon Roman experience and habits of thought.

At this point it may be asked why the order of words in Latin should be more logical than in German, French, Spanish, Italian, or English. To answer this question from an ethnological point of view would be to arouse a discussion regarding the mental characteristics of the various nationalities concerned, and one might hazard a shrewd guess that the champion

of the German or the English habit of mind would run the advocate of Latin thinking pretty hard. To say that the Roman mind was direct and logical above that of the Teuton would at least prove little. But if to this assumption be added the fact that the Latin language lent itself peculiarly to logical arrangement, in consequence of some inherent quality not possessed to an equal extent by the modern tongue, and that it was accordingly easier for the Roman than for the Teuton to express himself according to the simplest and most natural word-order, the inference would be a fair one that the language the Roman has left us possesses in a higher degree that quality of which we are most in need, where the training of young minds is concerned.

Now this was just what the Roman could do with his Latin. He could arrange his thoughts in their exact, logical sequence—that is, in the order of priority of importance, without risk of ambiguity, and he could do so because the language he used was highly inflected. English, on the contrary, being now almost wholly deprived of whatever inflections it once had, must depend chiefly upon the arrangement of its words to avoid obscurity of statement, so that a truly logical order in English is seldom to be guaranteed. This is only less the case

with other modern tongues, according to the fulness and completeness of their inflections or word-endings. But in Latin and Greek, lucidity or clearness is comparatively independent of arrangement. I may put my adjective before its noun or after it, to my liking. The termination will show that the adjective belongs to that noun and to no other. I can say *homo bonus* or *bonus homo* without fear of being misunderstood. I have no such choice in English, since therein the fear of ambiguity has fixed the habit of placing the adjective where its application is beyond the possibility of doubt —that is, before, rarely after, the noun. In Latin, not only may the word that would naturally come first in my thoughts be placed first in the sentence, but if I wish to emphasise a word usually unimportant, I can do so by removing it from its more usual position, and giving it precedence, so to speak, over other words. Thus emphasis is imparted by order, and this becomes possible only through the system of inflections which constitute the chief mark of difference or distinction in structure between the ancient and the modern tongues.

A result of this condition of things is that modern languages are wont to indicate important words more often by voice-stress or accent

than by position—a method altogether lost in writing. Hence the custom of intoning the English Scriptures in churches, that the reader may not be free to emphasise with the voice those words or phrases, which a reference to the ancient inflected language whence they have been translated would show to be without real title to emphasis.

To learn Latin then in the written order of its words—to acquire the power to think somewhat as the Roman himself thought, an object now strenuously aimed at by those who have come under the instruction of the keenest thinkers on this point (such, *e. g.*, as Professor William Gardner Hale) — is to learn and to think according to the most logical sequence of ideas presented by any language in the civilised world.

These matters, I do not hesitate to say, deserve careful consideration at the hands of our school authorities. They may have about them something of the flavour of *ex parte* statement. But all argument is more or less specious and one-sided. When a truth is self-evident it needs no argument to support it. For my own part, I should insist on Latin being taught, as an auxiliary to English, at an early age, say at nine or ten years, and possibly before that period. The question, as here presented, is

one that has entered but little, I imagine, into the speculations of students of pedagogy. To study Latin in early childhood is now either a matter of tradition, as in parts of England, or is regarded, as in America, as an unnecessary tax upon the young intellect, and is either omitted altogether or postponed until the thirteenth or fourteenth year. But if what has just been said involves the smallest element of truth, Latin studies, it seems to me, should find a definite place in our elementary schools, and in the high-schools should never become generally elective.

Let us now take note of what a few experts may have to say on this subject. Dr. M. P. Jacobi[1] affirms that:

"The inferences demanded of the young child in translating Latin are simply the type of mental acts that are to be demanded of him all his life, and constitute an excellent preparation for these; the logical value of French and German is so much less, because precise knowledge of construction and inflection is unnecessary to their interpretation. . . . Accordingly the Latin grammar should alone be used to teach grammatical principles, selected in the order of their natural comprehensibility for the developing mind."

[1] Article on "Language in Education," *Journal of Psychology* for November, 1888.

This opinion of Dr. Jacobi is based on evidence derived from her investigations in the department of physiological psychology, which, as I have said, has recently become a much explored field of research, especially with physicians who are interested in child study and pedagogy; and while it is unnecessary for us here to enter into the details of the work of such specialists as the two Jacobis and Dr. Allen Starr, or of President Hall and his coadjutors in the Clark University, yet we may very properly take into account the results of their investigations. These results justify the inference that mental growth and expansion are conditioned by, and are directly dependent on, the development of the brain; that each form of mental activity has its origin in those nerve centres of the brain which are expressly assigned by nature to the function or activity in question; that the development of the concept centres is greatly aided through the formal study of language, and that the language most admirably suited to this purpose is Latin.

In keeping with this is the observation of Dr. Frank Sargent Hoffman, who, in his work on *Psychology and Common Life*, remarks that "Latin is the most logically constructed of all the languages, and will help more effectually than any other study to strengthen the brain

centres that must be used when any reasoning is required." We may observe that no exception is made here in the interest of mathematics or the physical sciences. "More than any other study," not "more than any other language," are Professor Hoffman's words, and his view is supported by the opinion of the physiological school of psychology, whose *dicta* are based on the study of the brain.

Again, "when an English-speaking person," says Dr. M. P. Jacobi in the article already referred to, "projects his consciousness into the form of language construction peculiar to either Latin or Greek, he seems to traverse a much wider space than if he simply pass from English to French, or even to German." This means that the change in the point of view brought about by passing from the modern to the ancient tongue is the greatest possible, or at least the greatest that is really practicable. That this is profitable as a mental exercise there can be no doubt. Confirmatory opinions might be cited, not the least important of which is that of Lord Macaulay.[1] But, apart from the purely mental aspect of the case, we have here again the question of brain development, the purely physical or physiological side of the matter. According to the physio-

[1] See his Letters, *passim*.

logists, "the rearrangement of direction for the intra-cerebral propagation of vibrations," to quote Dr. Jacobi again, "must be much more extensive for the ancient languages than for the modern; hence the mental development or cerebral stimulus derived must be much greater." That is, in brief, the study of Latin or Greek creates a greater cerebral stimulus, and in consequence induces a higher mental development. This last consideration is also fundamental, and may be taken with those already mentioned, in support of the thesis that the study of Latin, at least, if not also of Greek, is the most effectual means of bringing about that mental growth which is of the utmost importance to the child, and which it is the purpose of school education to secure.

And again, in a more general way, and without specific reference to the child, President Hadley, in his book entitled, *The Education of the American Citizen*, speaks of Latin and Greek as of "vital importance, under present conditions, to the welfare of the country, as a means to accurate expression and clear thought in the communication between man and man." To be sure, President Hadley's point of view is somewhat different from that of this paper. He advocates the teaching of the ancient

classics merely as a royal road to the acquisition of English, and that, because, as he says,

"we have at present so few teachers who are competent to give good instruction in English except through the medium of Latin or Greek. Over and over again, have I heard men argue for the extension of English teaching in place of the classics, when the speakers showed by their diction, their grammar, and their rhetoric, that they had not the least conception of what good English expression really was. No man thinks he can teach Latin without having studied it. . . . On the other hand, there are thousands of men in the country who have never thoroughly studied English, but who would be insulted at the suggestion that they did not know it well enough for all practical purposes, including those of instruction. . . . When we have a body of teachers who are ready to teach English with equal seriousness [that is, with the seriousness with which Latin and Greek must be taught, if taught at all], and are able to suppress that vastly greater body who handle it mechanically, then, and not till then, shall we be able to talk of superseding the classics in our educational system."

Now, this is interesting, as showing the viewpoint of an experienced and broad-minded educator—a man who is not an avowed specialist in the ancient languages, and yet one who

does not neglect to accord them a place in his mind, as part of a great system of education. His view differs from our own in that it hints at the possible arrival of a time when the classics will no longer be needed in the education of the young ; but he declares unmistakably that that time is not yet come. His reason is a negative one, namely, the supposed deficiencies of the teachers of English; yet he distinctly asserts the importance of language-training, and acknowledges the excellence of the classic tongues as instruments for that purpose. The special value of Latin, as a disciplinary study, he naturally fails to emphasise, yet he does not hesitate to speak of Latin or Greek as having a "marvellous grammatical system" which arrests attention and makes teachers and scholars feel that it is something to be seriously studied.

Finally, it is scarcely necessary for me to repeat here what was said in the celebrated memorial of the Philosophical Faculty of Berlin, asking the German government to reconsider its action in opening the universities to graduates of the *Realschulen.* In this memorial, professors of mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, zoölogy, economics, philosophy, English, and German—each speaking from the standpoint of his own specialty—pronounced the

non-classical students inferior to the classical when the two came together to do university work, even though that work were in science rather than in literature. The judgment of the Faculty was summed up by Dr. Hofman, the rector of the university, in these words:

"That all efforts to find a substitute for the classical languages, whether in mathematics, in the modern languages, or in the natural sciences, have been thus far unsuccessful; that after long and vain search we must always come back finally to the result of centuries of experience; that the surest instrument that can be used in the training of youth is given us in the study of the languages, the literature, and the works of art of classical antiquity."

Whatever may be the value attached by American educators to the experience and opinions of the Germans, there can be no doubt that this testimony is directly in favour of the proposition stated above, namely, that the study of Latin or Greek, or both together, offers the best possible preliminary training for the study of the sciences. The reasons for this may be different, as they present themselves to the German and the American mind, but we have here, in this oft-quoted memorial of the Berlin university professors, a perfect

cloud of witnesses to the educational value of Latin and Greek, not only on the side of literature, but on that of science as well.

Nor is this evidence without tangible support in German practice, for in the schools of Prussia may be found to-day "some 83,000 pupils who are receiving classical training, as against some 40,000 whose training is non-classical," a disparity in favour of Greek and Latin not to be found even in England, much less in America.[1]

What has been said is not meant to exclude modern languages from their proper place in early teaching. Allow the truth of the foregoing remarks on the subject of language study in general, and the modern tongues need no brief to make good their claims. Wherever the practical value of a study is obvious, that study will surely make its way in popular favour much faster than the subject whose apparent importance depends largely upon theory. To discuss the importance of the European tongues in accordance with the arguments set forth in this paper would occupy too much of our time. But the question exactly where Greek should enter the lists in the

[1] See *Classical Review* for February, 1904, account of Inaugural Meeting of the Classical Association of England and Wales, December 19, 1903.

present contest may be briefly touched upon. Greek, while possessing most of those characteristics which have just been ascribed to Latin, is nevertheless more complex in its structure than its sister tongue, and deals more extensively in its literature with those abstract ideas which are natural to a highly imaginative people. Granting the establishment of Latin as a regular feature of the school curriculum, Greek may more profitably be dispensed with in the earlier stages of the course. If the child, before his thirteenth year, is busy with English, Latin and, say, French or German, he may well omit Greek until the age just named is reached. At this later period Greek ought to be taken up, perhaps in exchange for the modern language, in which by this time the child would be tolerably well grounded. Then, while affording the young pupil all the advantages derivable from the Latin, the Greek will present to him also that variety and diversity of expression which are suited to a more mature intelligence, and when the first elements of the language have been mastered, it will ultimately bcome easier than Latin itself—simply because of its fuller vocabulary and its larger capacity for making itself understood.

I think it must be apparent that my argument touches not the literary so much as the

linguistic side of the question. But the latter is the vulnerable side. It is also the side most to be thought of in relation to school education. The ancient writings, regarded merely as specimens of literary workmanship, will stand or fall on their merits, and those merits will be determined chiefly in the light of comparison with other and more modern productions. In the college and university, these two aspects of the case, the literary and linguistic, are, or ought to be, combined; or at least they should be so related that the one may supplement the other, the general trend of study being in the direction of the literature. Grant this, and there can be little fear that in a liberal university curriculum Greek will ever sink out of sight.

There is that in the literature of ancient Greece which must secure for it an abiding place among university studies, so long as university life, purpose and spirit remain in any sense what they are to-day. Its own intrinsic beauty and artistic excellence, not to speak of the wonderful civilisation of which it is at once the offspring and the exponent, will serve to do this for Greek, apart even from the consideration that the best of modern literatures must fail to make themselves deeply felt or fully understood where Greek studies are

wholly ignored or forgotten; while Roman literature, though possessing qualities exclusively its own, is yet to a striking degree the child of Athenian art, and, as it were, the transliterated Italian representative of Athenian ideas. Roman poetry and Roman philosophy are of Grecian mould. Roman oratory reflects much of Demosthenes and Lysias. Even satire finds a distant source in the caricatures of Aristophanes, and as for the Latin drama, we all know that it was fashioned directly on the dramatic masterpieces of Greek genius.

It is not till we come to the department of law that we find the Romans able rightfully to declare, what Quintilian, with more patriotism than verity, said of satire, "This is all our own." In law Rome is confessedly supreme. The great gift of Rome to the modern world is the Digest of the civil law. On the *Institutes* of Gaius and the *Pandects* of Justinian there rests, as on a solid foundation, much of the civilisation, the order, the government, the political institutions of modern Europe; and it is to the quality of mind which made this fact possible that we owe in great measure the logic and simplicity of the Latin language.

The Greek mind was less logical and certainly less simple in its natural workings. The Greek,

by comparison, loved variety and all that was intricate and complex in thought and action. His delight was in speculation. But his brother beyond the Adriatic Sea cared naught for speculation and had little imagination to boast of. The Roman's chief thought was to conquer and govern the world, and this could be done but in one way, namely, through undeviating and logical processes of mind and enterprise.

It is on Roman civilisation then, backed by Greek art, refinement, and philosophy, that the modern superstructure of material wealth and order has been mainly reared; and it is not strange that the peoples who started us, as it were, on our career of intellectual and material success, should have given us also those two immortal tongues which, beyond all others, have proved to be efficient instruments in the education of youth.

II

OUR CLASSICAL INHERITANCE

IT will be my endeavour here to outline the rise of humanism, or, to express it differently, to trace briefly the classical tradition from the decay of literature in the fourth and fifth centuries when the period roughly denominated the Middle Ages began, down to our own time. During a period of about seven hundred years—from the fifth to the thirteenth century—Latin literature had been obscured beneath a cloud of mental darkness and superstition, and Greek was wholly lost to the Western world. Even the colloquial Latin of the Church became debased. It is true that Vergil was much studied in the Middle Ages, while Horace and Ovid and Lucan and Caecilius Statius were not absolutely forgotten; but the hostility of the Church to all things pagan caused even these classic authors to be regarded with suspicion by men whose one idea was the salvation of

the soul and the utter annihilation of everything seemingly opposed to this all-absorbing end and object. The logical result of this state of things was the perversion to purposes of mysticism of such pagan literature as survived.

The Church, whose purpose was to convert to Christianity the northern barbarians, had neglected education, and even the cultivation of the Latin speech. It had professed to despise literature and learning in its zeal for saving souls. The day arrived when it stood helpless before the multiplicity of tongues which had invaded Italy, and felt itself to be without an instrument wherewith to convey the truths of the Gospel to the foreigner. A reaction set in. Something was needed as a medium of communication between the missionary of the Gospel and the people. There was nothing to be done but to revive and bring again into general use the language of Vergil and Cicero. The result was a compromise. While encouraging the study of such writers as Vergil and Ovid, the Church succeeded in glossing over the true meaning of these poets and in adapting them to her own special purposes. In giving them to the people she attached an allegorical meaning to their writings. The elegiac verses of Ovid were so altered as to render them edifying to the professed

churchman. The philosophical treatises of Cicero were not given to the student in their completeness, but only such portions of them were used in education as were to be found in the compilations of Cassiodorus and Boëthius. A significance was attached to the hexameters of Vergil such as had never been dreamed of by the author of the *Eclogues* and the *Æneid.*

Battling thus against paganism, and seeking to maintain her supremacy in education as well as in religion, the Church became the unconscious instrument whereby such portions of the classic literature were enabled to survive as should prove the occasion of an awakening of the imagination and of a desire for further knowledge and enlightenment. And yet it is not to the Church that we are indebted for the Revival of Letters. If the Church had had her way in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the forces gathering at that time, which were destined soon to overthrow mediævalism and establish in its place that independence of mind of which Dante was in some measure the exponent, would have been checked and possibly suppressed and extinguished. No doubt at a late date the Church both aided and encouraged the humanistic movement; but she only yielded in the fourteenth century to influences which she could not oppose, making a virtue of neces-

sity, until even a humanist professor was elevated to the chair of St. Peter, in the person of Nicholas V.

But at the outset the greatest difficulty encountered by humanism was a narrow spirit of literal compliance with the mystical teachings of an insincere though all-controlling priesthood. This it was that both marked and marred the thought of the later Middle Ages in Italy. Humanism in its essence was not opposed to true religion. It was opposed only to the passive reception of a theology which was founded on metaphysical speculation. It was directly and actively associated with the reaction, which had already assumed an aggressive form, against the unreality of a purely speculative theology — a reaction that took place in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, each of these periods exhibiting a somewhat different phase of one great moral and intellectual convulsion.

But in looking at this side of the picture we must be on our guard against a common misconception. The mediæval period is known as the Dark Ages. It is not to be regarded on this account as a period of sloth. The times were dark, in so far as they had lost those arts and sciences and literatures which were a shining light in the preceding epoch—the epoch of

Roman civilisation and greatness. Painting and sculpture were rare, no doubt, and literature, as we have seen, was dead. Yet great ideas, such as those which set the crusades in motion, were not lacking, and by the beginning of the thirteenth century the human mind had become actively engaged in solving problems in law, medicine, civil government, the elements of science, theology, and even letters. This century witnessed the culmination of all those activities which were distinctively feudal and ecclesiastical, and at the opening of the fourteenth century, Catholic feudalism was already on the decline. Mediævalism may be said to have come to an end with St. Dominic and St. Francis, with Philip Augustus and Pope Innocent III.

It is not easy to estimate the strength and variety of the forces at work during the thirteenth century, in whose operation lay the cause and occasion of the important events which followed. The year 1198 saw the election of Innocent III. to the pontificate—one of the greatest names in the long list of mediæval popes. All the effort of which this great man was capable was directed towards rallying the forces of Christendom in one final stand against heresy. In his day, more truly than at any time subsequent to his reign, did Europe ex-

hibit the gratifying spectacle of a united Church and a common creed.

At the same time, the princes of the earth were planting the germs of governments and principalities and powers. National councils, representative assemblies, the States-General of France, the Parliament of England, came into existence. The nations as we now know them were given to Europe. The same century produced great statesmen and kings. It brought into being such men as Simon de Montfort, Edward I., and Philip the Fair. It gave to England the Great Charta and to Northern Europe its grand cathedrals. It was then that the pointed architecture which we call Gothic had its rise and reached its highest splendour. Nor is this all; this period is associated with the endowment of the more important universities of Spain, France, and England, with the full development and completeness of the schools since known to the world as the universities of Seville, Toledo, Cordova, Toulouse, Orleans, Paris, and Oxford.

In literature there was little of that which subsequently was entitled erudition. Yet the same vitality which produced such tremendous results in other spheres of knowledge was beginning to exhibit itself in philosophy, poetry, and prose. The substantial recovery of the

works of Aristotle, through the medium of Arabic translations, lent an impulse to philosophic thought. Such additions to Catholic hymnology as the *Dies Irae* and the *Stabat Mater*, not to mention the best work of the troubadours and the French lyrists and such romances as the *Roman de la Rose*—these and much besides are witness to the rapidly approaching Revival. Add to all of this the writings of Dante.

Dante stands on the borderland between mediævalism and the Renaissance. Attached as his writings show him to have been to the theories of feudalism; filled as he was with the idea of a regenerated humanity in sympathy with mediæval mysticism and the Church, yet he could handle his great theme with the intellectual freedom of an Oxford scholar or a Greek dialectician. Petrarch too should be remembered at this juncture, for Petrarch and Dante are the two figures that stand out most conspicuously at this epoch in literary history. Like a double Janus they seem to be back to back. The one was looking into the centuries which had intervened since the Roman Empire ceased to sway the world, thinking that the world could be re-made on the model of feudalism and dogma; the other was straining his glance into the future with a view to the ulti-

mate restoration of Roman civilisation and government, for the benefit of humanity. The comparison is not exact, yet it contains more than half the truth. Although the freedom of thought, the originality, the constructive power, which are characteristic of the greatest epic of modern times, belong properly to humanism and the Revival, yet the spirit of humanism was less of a moving and vital principle with Dante than with Petrarch and his successors. Had it been otherwise, the world of letters would have been the loser; the *Divina Commedia* would never have been written.

In Dante's mind it was a question whether his national epic should be written in Italian or in Latin. It is hard for us to appreciate the possibility of such a doubt. The only language suited to a national poem would be the vernacular. But in Dante's time Italy was not a united people; the language of Tuscany was barely understood in other parts of the peninsula. The Italians long clung to the idea that Latin was in reality their native tongue. A dim and lingering consciousness of the greatness and all-pervading power of ancient Rome associated the fortunes of Italy with the speech of Cicero and Vergil. Dante's choice of Italian as a medium through which to convey to his countrymen his great lesson of judgment and

repentance is as surprising as it is fortunate—fortunate for literature and the development of the Italian speech—surprising when viewed in the light of the tendencies and spirit of the times.

Petrarch lived from 1304 to 1374. He was the pioneer in that great movement which we call humanism. Petrarch believed that the truest culture, the noblest character, the highest dignity of man, were to be found portrayed in the classical literatures of Greece and Rome. This was the central idea of the Italian Renaissance: this was the foundation and groundwork of humanism. Nowhere else on earth had the moral and intellectual nature of man been so truly and adequately realised and set forth as in the writings of Greek and Roman poets, orators, and historians. Hence these writings, these literatures, when once they began to be understood and appreciated, became a cult, with a priesthood of its own. The cult was distinct from Christianity, for the latter, as defined by the Church and recognised by humanism, was less fitted than ever it had been before to elevate the mind and inspire the soul with improving and life-giving ideals. But the Church was not slow to perceive that humanism was a power to be reckoned with, and with that adaptability which she has always shown

in great crises of her existence, she sought to avail herself of, and to turn to the best account, a force which she could not hope to withstand. Nor should it be overlooked that the new learning, in Italy at least, was only indirectly opposed to Christianity. Humanism implied no religious revolution in Italy, such as had accompanied the Reformation of Luther in Germany. It did not seek to supplant the Church with a higher ideal of the religious life. It endeavoured merely to break the bonds of ecclesiastical despotism, to practise its own devotions in the free air of independent thought, and to cast about itself an atmosphere of intellectual liberty. This was the broad humanism of Petrarch, which aimed at drawing out all the mental and moral faculties of man, considered as a rational being, and freed from ecclesiastical control.

Petrarch managed to stamp his personality on his time. He not only possessed a thorough sympathy with the classical Latin writers, but he succeeded in impressing this fact upon others. His Latin epic poem, entitled *Africa*, did for the cultivation of Latin writing what the *Divina Commedia* had done for the growth and spread of Italian. The purity of his enthusiasm, the breadth as well as the depth of his studies, and the earnestness with which he

directed his hostility against those who stood in the way of the cause he had espoused, combine to render him worthy of being rated as one of the greatest, if not the chief, of the humanists.

Petrarch knew no Greek. Yet he appreciated its significance and encouraged the study of it in others, and it was through his influence that Boccaccio earned the right to be called the earliest of the Hellenists. Boccaccio translated Homer into Latin. We are prone to think of Greek as having been an easy thing to the Italians of Boccaccio's time. This is a mistake. Boccaccio succeeded in setting fire to the torch and for some time kept it burning, but he himself was no real "Grecian." An extract from an ancient copy of his autograph manuscript is rendered available to the general reader through Mr. Symonds' scholarly and interesting work on the Renaissance. No specialist of the present day, on reading the wretched hexameters which purport to represent the Homeric text done into Latin, can fail to wonder at the enthusiasm with which the translation was received by Petrarch. The work is valuable chiefly as showing how great was the effort required to restore Greek literature to the modern world. It was a fight against ignorance and prejudice. The latter as much as

anything stood in the way. Boccaccio was forced to have recourse to argument which to the modern mind seems puerile and needless. The word poetry was represented by the author of the *Decamerone* as including much which hitherto had been foreign to its significance. "Poetry is instruction conveyed through allegory and fiction." The mediæval mind had become well used to allegory and fiction through the teachings of the Church. It was rather the ideas of simplicity and directness that were strange and even repellent to mediæval thought. To curry favour, as it were, with the mediæval philosophy, Boccaccio was fain to declare theology itself to be a form of poetry. He explained that "even the Holy Ghost might be called a poet," for did not the Holy Ghost "use the vehicle of symbol in the visions of the prophets, and the Revelation of St. John?" With such appeals as this did the pioneer of Greek letters take the initiatory steps which were to lead to better things in the next generation of scholars.

Great enthusiasm for Greek learning was subsequently inspired by native Greeks, who taught in Florence in the fifteenth century. Yet had Boccaccio not donned his student's gown and burned more than an ordinary measure of midnight oil, Greek letters would hardly have been

introduced into Italy until it was too late. The Eastern Empire would have fallen beneath the blow of the Turk, and the most prolific supply of Greek manuscripts the modern world has known would have been closed.

The advent at Florence of Manuel Chrysoloras, a native Greek of Byzantium, and a man of noble purpose as well as of noble birth, did much to extend and perfect the work which Boccaccio had begun. Chrysoloras was the most accomplished and eloquent Hellenist of his age. He opened schools at Florence, Rome, Padua, Milan, and Venice, and the lofty enthusiasm of his scholars for pure literature is seen in the lives and writings of such men as Lionardo Bruni and Gianotto Manetti. The appointment of Chrysoloras to the chair of Greek in the University of Florence made secure the future of Greek erudition in Europe.

The study of Greek at Florence, says Symonds, "implied the birth of criticism, comparison, research. Systems based on ignorance and superstition were destined to give way before it. The study of Greek opened philosophical horizons far beyond the dream-land of the churchmen and the monks. It stimulated the germs of science, suggested new astronomical hypotheses, and even indirectly led to the discovery of America." Observation of

the movements of the heavenly bodies had taken the form of astrology. The introduction of Greek letters into Italy rendered possible the study of Ptolemy and Strabo, and transmuted astrology into astronomy. The geographer Strabo suggested the existence of another hemisphere. It was a mere guess; yet it was one of those suggestions on which true science often feeds. Pondering upon this guess, Columbus, endowed by nature with the spirit of adventure, arrived at those plausible conclusions which were the natural forerunners of his subsequent discoveries. In like manner Copernicus, but for the revival of Greek studies in Italy, would have failed of that knowledge of which the Ptolemaic system was the precursor and real foundation. The astrology of the Middle Ages, devoid as it was of scientific character or spirit, could never have led to the discoveries of Columbus and Copernicus; it was the mystical and speculative tendencies of the astrologers, as much as anything else, against which the independent thought of humanism rebelled.

Too much cannot be said about the importance to civilisation of the work of Chrysoloras at Florence. The whole world was moved by it. Not only did it quicken a sense of the beautiful in art and literature, but it clarified and strengthened Christianity itself. Biblical

studies received impulse and light from the spirit of criticism awakened by a knowledge of the Septuagint and Greek Testament texts. The doctrine of St. Paul was subjected to analysis. The language of the Gospels was tested through study of the various manuscripts, while biblical inquiry in general was carried on unfettered by precedent and tradition.

Hitherto Greek learning had reached the Italian mind through the medium of Latin literature. It was now destined to touch the Florentine consciousness, and thereby to affect the rest of Italy, through immediate study of the Greek authors themselves. The self-complacency of the Italian humanists could no longer find expression in the aphorism: *Graeca sunt, ergo non legenda.* The watch-word came to be rather a note of warning to the ecclesiastics: *Graeca sunt, ergo periculosa;* for the revival of Greek literature, the reawakened sense of man's dignity and moral independence, the conscious desire for beauty, liberty, and truth, which was fostered and encouraged by Greek studies as by nothing else, from the time of Petrarch to the decadence of humanism in the age of Erasmus—these things betokened the dissolution of that ecclesiastical domination which for many centuries had placed a curb

upon progress, and closed the door to all real enlightenment in the Christian world. It is not too much to say that the influence of Chrysoloras and his Florentine pupils proved to be the origin of a change of heart and mind, that marks one of the most momentous crises in the history of civilisation.

In this slight attempt to trace the tradition of classical studies to modern times, it is not necessary to bring the account down to date, nor to enter into details respecting the lives of more than one or two of the humanists. But our account would be worse than incomplete were we not to touch upon the subject of education as it existed in Italy in the fourteenth century, and take note of the change wrought upon it by the humanistic movement.

The universities of Italy were many in number. Most of them were flourishing in the thirteenth century, though a few seem to have come into full operation as late as the fourteenth. Among the latter were those at Rome, Florence, Pisa, Siena, and Arezzo. It would be natural to ascribe to the universities the impulse that gave birth to the Revival of Letters. To do so would be to aim wide of the mark. The movement eventually reached the universities, but it sprang from sources external to the great seats of learning. The universities

taught law and medicine and theology. Chairs of rhetoric, eloquence, and *belles-lettres* were added at a comparatively late date, but those who professed these subjects were seldom retained on permanent foundations or at high rates of compensation. Their condition rather resembled that of the wandering minstrel, who went from one town to another, seeking patronage and an audience. The true home of the humanists was at the courts of princes, or in the households of rich burghers; or else in the numerous chanceries of the Italian republics, or in the Papal Curia in Rome. They filled the posts of readers, secretaries, tutors, translators of Greek manuscripts, companions to powerful princes, or advisers to those popes who like Nicholas V. were especially addicted to the new learning.

The new learning, however, spread with the utmost rapidity. Itinerant students and men of letters made it the subject of innumerable addresses and private lectures. Schools were established for its dissemination by powerful princes, to which the latter sent their children to be educated. So much in fact did it become the vogue that the universities were literally forced to give it their attention and approval. Thus the spirit of humanism finally won its way into the universities, as into the Church,

by educating the people in polite letters and inspiring the nation at large with enthusiasm for the study of antiquity.

Of the academies or high-schools established in the fifteenth century by powerful nobles for the education of the young, the most remarkable was that which Vittorino da Feltre conducted at Mantua, under the auspices of the Marquis Gonzaga. Not only were children of noble parentage instructed at this school, but a sort of democracy was formed there by the admission of the children of the poor—a policy that did much to insure the success of the enterprise. Vittorino's chief aim was to make good citizens. To this end he applied all the resources of the new humanism. The narrow methods of the pre-Renaissance period he abandoned altogether, and adopted in their stead a broad and practical system of education. Both Greek and Latin found place in his curriculum, and in these languages the widest possible courses of reading were allowed. For the logic of the schoolmen he substituted arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, not to mention elementary science and music; to all of which was added, as a first requisite and necessity, an abundance of physical exercise. Nor were the social graces neglected in Vittorino's academy. A cultivated voice, elegant manners,

and a graceful carriage were matters of no slight value in the eyes of the pupils. In short, the education of a gentleman, as we might put it now, became a reality in Italy in the time and as a result of the Renaissance. Vittorino died about the middle of the fifteenth century. He had stood for the broad humanism of Petrarch, and few men have deserved so well of their generation.

If the equals of Vittorino in intellect had resembled him always in their moral character, the enemies of humanism would have had less to say against the restoration of pagan learning. Unfortunately not a few of the greatest names associated with the Revival in Italy are synonymous with evil living, and the ancient literatures were ransacked for precedents and examples whereby their conduct might be justified. But the principles fully realised by Vittorino have survived through the centuries, and lie at the foundation of the more extended educational fabric of our own day.

Humanism soon made its way into England. Both Eton and Winchester early became the receptacles of the new teaching, though originally these foundations were of the ecclesiastical type. Others of the great public schools of England were reorganised on a humanistic basis, while new ones were founded with the

definite purpose of spreading humanistic training. All this had been brought about through the influence of certain Oxford scholars who visited Italy at the end of the fifteenth century. Among these were Thomas Linacre and William Latimer, whose efforts to quicken the taste for humane letters in England were subsequently aided by the visits of Erasmus. It was not, however, till late in the sixteenth century that Greek took its place beside Latin as a chief study in the public-school curriculum.

To consider in detail the effect of the invention of printing upon the spread of Italian humanism would require more space than is allowed to this brief survey. But one or two matters of interest connected with the subject should not pass unnoticed. The classical literatures had been studied in manuscripts which were multiplied by scribes and copyists. The occupation of the scribe was as distinct a calling as that of an amanuensis or type-writer. The errors of the copyists were proverbial. Upon them was erected the science of textual criticism—a science that has taxed the learning and ingenuity of many of the best minds of Europe, and has been fruitful of more controversy and discussion than almost anything else one may name as capable of being brought within the purview of philological or literary

inquiry. But the invention of printing, though it served to carry a knowledge of the ancient authors to the ends of the earth by multiplying copies at a relatively low cost, yet did not check the search into the accuracy of existing manuscripts. On the contrary, it brought a greater number of students into the field. The science of textual criticism has grown apace, until in the present age it has reached a development and an importance never before attained by it. Although the vocation of the copyist began suddenly to wane from the time when the first printing-press was set in operation, yet the trouble resulting from this fact soon found an adjustment, and the scribes who could justly boast themselves worthy of their calling found work ready for them as printers and publishers.

The most noted of these early publishers was Aldus Manutius, a man of parts and learning, whose name is indelibly associated with an edition of the ancient classics well known to the literary world. From the time when this enterprising scholar conceived the project of giving to mankind a printed edition of the whole extant literature of Greece, a change came over the spirit of the times, and humanism became more than ever assured to civilisation at large. Individualism, or the unwonted prominence of single scholars, began to decline.

The knowledge of letters became more a matter of course. The conspicuous authority of men like Petrarch, Politian, and Filelfo passed into oblivion, and classical scholars began to be numerous in countries other than Italy. Erasmus, one of the greatest of these, was a native of Holland. Joseph Scaliger was born in Germany. Richard Bentley is one of the most cherished names of which English scholarship can boast.

But while humanism was spreading outside of Italy, its influence became less marked in the peninsula itself. The true secret of its decline was a certain narrowness of purpose which coincided, in the sixteenth century, with the homage paid to mere form, as the latter was thought of in opposition to content or substance. Purism became the order of the day. The great model was Cicero, whose style became a cult, and the standard of this cult was raised and upheld by Cardinal Bembo. Of all the "apes of Cicero" (and they were many) Bembo stood first and foremost. He was the father of the purists in Italy.

It is easy to scoff at the purism of Bembo; yet men of letters have profited by his practice and example. He taught the world that lucidity and elegance in writing have their great and enduring value, and that the cultivation of a

good style is worth the trouble of any writer who hopes to impress and attract his readers. But Bembo added to his cultivated Latinity a practical knowledge of the vulgar tongue of Italy. To this fact are to be traced his chief services to literature—services that lie in a direction outside of that which is technically known as humanism. Much as he is scoffed at for it by Erasmus and other critics of the time, yet he persisted in his endeavour to improve the character of his native speech, even as Terence and afterward Cicero had used their thorough knowledge of the Greek tongue to enrich and purify the Latin. After Bembo's time we hear less of the ancient classics in Italy, more of the Italian language and of poetry.

The history of the Renaissance in Italy is the history of the diversion of the national genius to the cultivation of a plant of exotic growth. Yet this very movement accomplished nothing less than the civilisation, or, more accurately speaking, the humanisation of the rest of the world. When humanism began to decline, the native intellectual force of Italy reasserted itself in its natural sphere, and the acquisitive literature of the period of the Revival commenced to fall back before the growth and constant increase of original composition. The creative power which had moulded Italian speech into

the form of the *Divina Commedia* and the *Decamerone* was now in like manner giving shape to the poetry of Ariosto, the histories of Guicciardini and Varchi, and the philosophy of Machiavelli. But ere this, as Mr. Symonds puts it, "the whole of Europe had received the staple of its intellectual education."

The history of the Renaissance has a special lesson for those whose present business it is to study and teach the ancient classics. The universality of the classics in education is no longer a fact. In one sense at least, they have done their work. They have fathered the modern literatures. Humanism has given birth to educational ideas which, while they partake of the nature of their progenitor, are bound in a measure to supersede it. The change has been slowly progressing ever since Dante first set the ball rolling in Italy, and though original composition was more slow to assert itself in the North, yet there too it had taken definite literary form long before the time of Shakespeare. Since his day, we have seen the two working side by side, as it were, until the modern literatures have fairly outgrown the classics in magnitude at least, if not in merit; and, within the last one hundred years, the classics have so fallen into the background in popular favour that we find them, in our own

time, hardly holding their own with the rest in well considered schemes of reading and education.

Take, for example, the subject of eloquence alone,—for under this title passed most of what was best in the revived study of antiquity in Italy in the Renaissance period. What English-speaking youth would deem it necessary, in order to perfect himself to-day in rhetoric and oratory, to commit carefully to memory the orations of Demosthenes? Modern eloquence may owe much to the example of the Attic orators, but it is not to these directly that it turns for suggestion and guidance. Nor yet indeed would it have recourse to the rhetoric of the Renaissance, which was modelled wholly on that of the older period; but rather would it look to the long list of distinguished orators and statesmen who have flourished since the birth of the Reformation —to such patterns, for example, as Luther and Knox, with their "rugged impetuosity," or to the more courtly rhetoricians of the Anglican and Gallican churches. Why should modern eloquence prefer the exhortations of Demosthenes to the fiery speech of Chatham, or the copiousness of Cicero to the "forensic brilliancy" of Erskine and Scarlett? The speeches of Webster compare favourably

in weight of logic with those by which Verres was convicted, and the intensity of Chalmers is as attractive to the imagination as the earnestness of the Catilinarian invectives.

Parallels of this nature are in order for the whole range of literature, and it is doubtful whether on many points the ancients would not suffer through the comparison. What then, it may be asked, are we to do with the ancient classic literatures? Are we to set them aside as of no further value or interest? This would be to cast away some of our finest treasures. At no time since the fall of the Roman Empire have the Greek and Latin classics been more accurately interpreted and understood than at this very moment. Notwithstanding its change of front, classical antiquity stands before our eyes in a clearer light than in the days of the Revival of Learning it appeared even to such scholars as a Politian or a Bembo. We know more about its life and its literature, its language, grammar and modes of thought, its art, history and religion, than our forefathers knew, and there are those among us through whose labours our knowledge is increasing every hour. Our proper course is to assign to the classics their rightful place by the side of other great literatures, and to give them due, though not exaggerated, prominence in education. Let

them rest on their merits. This will insure their preservation and lasting usefulness.

According to Professor Jebb, the true and permanent claims of humanistic studies to-day are of two kinds, "the intrinsic and the historical." Of these the second is sufficiently obvious, for it depends upon the relation of the classics to modern literatures. The first is not so manifest, for the intrinsic merits of the ancient literatures, being somewhat far removed in character as well as time from those of the modern, are not at a glance apparent. They depend, in the first place, on the purely literary qualities of classic authors in respect to form and style. The creative literature of Greece and the partly creative, partly imitative literature of Rome had a course of spontaneous and natural growth, throughout which it was in constant touch with life. The result is that these literatures abound in works of poetry and prose which must always rank as masterpieces, because of their high excellence as simple works of art. To this truth assent has been given ungrudgingly by civilised peoples wheresoever the Greek and Roman writers have been known and read in sober honesty.

The intrinsic worth of the classics depends, in the second place, on their contents. Let us not forget nor pass lightly over the real signi-

ficance of this great fact. Far away as Greece and Rome may seem to be, yet these names stand in history for two mighty civilisations. Civilisation implies experience, and experience from whatsoever source derived is of vast moment and importance to those who, whether they will or not, must of necessity rely and build upon it as upon a lasting foundation. All the accumulated experience of two great civilised states, whose united periods of existence cover an interval of more than thirteen hundred years—from Homer to Justinian,—has been handed down to us in the Greek and Latin languages. Add to this all that the derived or related sciences of philology, archæology, history, geography, astronomy, law, medicine, and even theology have added to our knowledge as in some part a result of the study of the classic texts, and we have abundant material with which to illustrate and confirm the claims so frequently urged by the advocates and admirers of the *literae humaniores*.

III

THE TRAGEDY AND COMEDY OF THE GREEKS

WE are wont, at times, to look upon the theatre as upon something unimportant and frivolous—intended merely to amuse us in an idle hour and having in itself little or nothing of real value or of genuine importance to the world. This has been markedly the case at certain times in England where the theatre was once regarded as a den of iniquity by all the puritan class of the population. Without entering into a discussion regarding the morals of the drama, or the state of mind of those who have a taste for it, we shall merely note the fact that the prejudice against it has been always less intense where tragedy is concerned than where the question has been raised with reference to some portion of that wide field of mimetic literature commonly classified under the somewhat vague and elastic term, comedy. Tragedy, we think, contains the essence of all that is profound, and by its

lessons teaches certain moral and eternal truths which it behooves us not to neglect. We are inclined to make a study of its origins, and to imagine that when we have reached the source from which it sprang we have fathomed the mystery of all drama, or at least of all that is worthy of the name. There is a tendency in us to forget for the moment, or at all events to depreciate by comparison, the power of that other great division of the imitative art, whose existence must ever be reckoned with, and whose influence for good or evil is more widely spread and in general more telling than that of its more serious sister.

What Aristotle said of tragedy, namely, that it is the representation of an action that is *important*, is equally true of comedy, although the point of view whence that importance is regarded is somewhat different in the two cases. Aristotle, in speaking of tragedy (he has little to say about comedy), meant undoubtedly that the action or event represented should in itself be important. But the action of a drama may be important, *less* in the story, real or imaginary, upon which it is based, *more* in the method of its presentation, in its effect upon the mind and heart, in the example it sets, and the doctrine it imparts. Seen from this point of view, comedy as well as tragedy may become

important, and if we regulate our comic stage with this idea in mind, if we keep it pure and undefiled, rendering it as true to genuine dramatic art as the tragic stage has been, we shall not need to cry out against the theatre as though it were the source of all degeneracy and corruption. On the contrary, we shall find it to be, above many things, educative and helpful.

The history of tragedy is more easily traced than that of comedy. So far as we are concerned, it had its beginning among the Greeks, and the line of descent is nowhere wholly obscured, even to the present day. Curiously enough the origin of tragedy among the Greeks was not tragic at all. It was actually, if not technically, comic. Its real source was a country or village festival held in honour of Dionysus, the god of the vintage.

The word *tragos* (τράγος), from which *tragedy* is derived, is one of the Greek terms for *goat*, —an animal plentiful in Greece at all times. The people of the Peloponnesus believed in certain nature-spirits or fairies. These are figured as clad in goat-skins, and as having both the tails and the legs of goats. They were called satyrs (the word *satyros* [σάτυρος] was synonymous with *tragos*), and at certain country festivals they were impersonated by actors, who sang songs and danced comic dances.

This was done at first in honour of a certain local hero whose virtues it would be superfluous here to recount; but subsequently these performances, finding their way into Northern Greece, became associated with the worship of the wine-god, whose name originally stood for plenty, inasmuch as the cultivation of the vine in Greece was always a staple and important industry. Dionysus was the god's name. He was a hero of popular proclivities and characteristics, the giver of increase, and impersonated the salutary working of nature's laws. The Roman Bacchus was merely his degenerate counterpart.

Bands or choruses of satyrs then, or village folk dressed to resemble these goat-like phantasies, sang and danced in honour of Dionysus. The nature of the song was joyous, but there was mingled with it a note in a minor key, suggesting a strain of pessimism not uncommon in the drinking songs of other nations; for most of the *Volkslieder*, the songs of the peasantry, in whatever country, have a sober, melancholy, plaintive air. Presently a speaker was introduced and addressed the chorus, and the chorus made reply. The spokesman of the chorus was its leader, the *chorēgus* or *coryphaeus*, who thus became virtually a personage, an answerer, *hypocrites*—that is, an actor. The

transplanting of the Dionysiac festival from the villages and rural districts to the towns was followed by the development of the dialogue. A second speaker or actor was introduced and then a third. Three actors, in addition to the chorus with its leader, became the final complement of what might be called the cast of Athenian tragedy.

While the sufferings and triumphs of Dionysus were the burden of the choral songs, the tales of legendary Greece and her antique heroes of the Trojan War became the source whence the dialogue was largely fed; and although the former were much enriched and amplified by the latter, and in a measure absorbed by it, yet the chorus never wholly lost its importance in Greek tragedy, as the outward and visible sign of that popular feeling and intelligence from which all Greek drama was derived. In Greek comedy, however, the chorus finally disappeared, though it continued to the last to be used by Aristophanes. But in the modern drama it has been a mere survival, whether in the classical plays of the French stage or in Shakespeare. Nor is its long-continuance in tragedy a matter difficult of explanation, for, strange as it may appear at first thought, tragedy is more accurately representative of the popular mind than comedy. Comedy can

be patronised by intellect and the faculty of logic. Its very essence is criticism—that is, intelligence making merry over follies. But tragedy is the exponent of passion, and argues often the absence of that very intellectual restraint which is essential to the comic idea. Hence tragedy will carry with it for a longer period that artistic form which embodies the popular imagination. That artistic form is the chorus.

But to return: through a special arrangement, four of the scenes or interchanges between the leader of the chorus and the newly introduced speaker or actor were enacted without intermission. In the three first the dialogue became more and more serious, and the choral odes more and more plaintive and melancholy, as the custom grew older; while the humorous portions were reserved for the fourth and last scene. Finally these four scenes developed into four plays. The word *tragos*, the root of *tragedy*, became associated with the first three, which now went by the name of *tragoedia* or *tragedy* (lit., "the song of a goat"). The word *satyros*, on the other hand, was connected with the fourth play, which ever after was called *satyrikon* (σατυρικόν). Thus, of the two Greek synonyms for "goat," one became permanently connected with the serious

drama, while the other never lost its association with the comic. All the same, comedy did not originate in the satyr-play, for these two great branches of the mimetic art are ultimately derived from the same source, namely, the vintage festivals of Greece. The satyr-play merely adopted, as it were, a portion of the characteristics of comedy, and was utilised as a sort of farce or after-piece to lighten the burden and gloom of the three dignified dramas which had preceded it. This was necessary, since the four plays were always presented at a single sitting, and something was required at the last to relieve the tension caused by all that had gone before. In the satyr-drama, the fun and frolic of the original chorus of goat-spirits were indulged in to the fullest extent.

The first three plays, however, were not yet entitled to be denominated tragedies in the modern sense of the word. They corresponded more nearly to our notion of the romantic drama, laying stress on incident rather than plot, and containing a dash here and there of humorous by-play. When, therefore, can tragedy, in the present—the literary—sense be said to have had an actual beginning? When Æschylus, in some respects the greatest of tragedians, took up the task of converting the performance just described into a permanent

literary form, in which there should be always two distinct elements—the dialogue and the choral odes. The latter were to represent that function of tragedy which was directly connected with the worship of Dionysus; they voiced the immediate feelings and sentiments of the people. In the former were realised the working out of a definite plot by two actors at least, and the presentation thereby of the law of causality,—the idea of fate or destiny,—as exemplified in the legends of the Greek heroes, and as emanating, in the main, from the unerring decrees of thunder-bearing Zeus.

Beginning then with Æschylus, who wrote and acted in the first half of the fifth century before our era, we can spread before our eyes his seven tragedies. We can see there a vivid portraiture of that salient idea of the ancient Greek religion (of which religion tragedy was both the exponent and the natural outcome)—the idea of man's destiny as determined for him by an irresistible necessity, which seemed at times to dominate, at other times to be indistinguishable from the divine will itself. We can see there also the principle of free-will working in man in opposition to this outside, arbitrary law of fate, and capable of winning a spiritual victory even when all else succumbs. This clash of two mighty powers, the outward

and the inward, and the ensuing struggle for mastery are essential to tragedy, and are nowhere more masterfully presented than in such plays as the *Persians*, and the celebrated trilogy of the *Oresteia*.

But in these plays of Æschylus we feel that the external power, the irresistible fate (call it Nemesis, or identify it with the will of Zeus), occupies the larger part of the field, and that man's freedom is less than it should be were the contest an equal one. If, on the other hand, we pass on to the seven tragedies of Sophocles, we shall find the same idea, the same teaching, but in a greatly modified form. Here it is not so much the omnipotent Zeus that we see in the foreground, ordering the events that make up the sum of man's experience and destiny, while man himself is more a victim of fate than a creature endowed with the ability to work out his own salvation—it is rather the man himself that we behold, for he now is the more potent factor in the struggle, and his own conduct is chiefly operative in settling his fortunes and destiny.

In brief, Sophocles brings the drama down from the sphere of the supernatural, where Æschylus had placed it, to that of the natural and the human. In this he shows himself an artist, a dramatic artist even in a modern sense.

Æschylus was not a dramatist, in the modern sense. He was a great religious thinker, a reformer, a prophet, who saw visions and dreamed dreams, and whose business was to reconcile the ways of God to men. This religious note, so high-pitched in Æschylus, is softened and subdued in Sophocles, whose tragedies were to those of the older poet what a statue of Phidias was to one of Praxiteles—the *Athenè* of the Parthenon, for example, to the *Hermes* at Olympia. The former is more stern and godlike, the latter more soft and human. In fact, the sweetness of Sophocles became proverbial, and was likened to Hymettian honey, while he himself was called the Attic Bee. He was a good craftsman too, and surpassed his predecessor in the artistic unfolding of his plots, so that all things worked together in his dramas toward the final catastrophe or *dénouement*.

From Sophocles we turn to the last of the great trio of tragic poets, Euripides, and there find that the tragic idea has crept still farther away from the religion of Æschylus, and has brought into still greater prominence the human side of the struggle between man's free-spirit and the Nemesis of his ancestral conditions. Yet here, too, the same principle is at work, namely, a conflict of some kind, depend-

ing on two antagonistic factors—stern necessity without, and the conscious personality ever warring against it from within.

And so throughout the history of tragedy we can discover, with more or less distinctness, the idea here indicated. The Greek dramatists have worked it out, each according to his views and the trend of national thought in his own day and generation; and it may be said, perhaps, that, on the whole, the Greek mind could not get away from the notion of an external fate. This may be called the essence of the Greek creed, while the notion of responsibility and human freedom is worked into the web of the story, in part for dramatic effect, since a blind fatalism is incompatible with the very idea of tragedy regarded from the artist's standpoint. Agamemnon dies, chiefly because of the curse on the house of Atreus, but his selfish ambition led to the sacrifice of Iphigenīa and rendered him deserving of his fate. Œdipus is condemned to suffering and death by the iron hand of an inexorable destiny, and inspite of his having striven mightily for the good of his people and the purity of his throne and government; yet to the Greek mind he had committed actual sin, however unwittingly; and so parricide and incest must be atoned for.

But in Euripides we detect a breaking away

from the old order of things. The popular mind had grown sceptical and irreligious, and there is apparent in him a tendency to substitute a purely æsthetic purpose for the older religious aims. In his time social conditions at Athens had become altered. The creed of his predecessors had grown cold. Thus, in divesting himself of ethical and religious influences, he placed himself in a position to depict more fully the human side of life, and to infuse into his dramas a strain akin to the pathetic and even the humorous. He keeps to the old framework, but, unlike the others whom we have mentioned, he is in a sense quite modern, and has many traits in common with our own Shakespeare. Yet on the purely æsthetic side of the picture Euripides is still an artist, though he occasionally allowed his desire to please to mar his art—a criticism that may be applied to Shakespeare, but not to Sophocles. Sophocles was above all an artist, and in this respect he is nearer to Euripides than to Æschylus, whose bent, as has been said, was primarily moral and religious.

But the comparison with Shakespeare should not be drawn to the latter's disparagement, for what may be characterised as a fault in Euripides is hardly less than a merit in the modern dramatist. In the England of Shakespeare's

time, artistic canons were less rigid than in the era of the Greek tragedians, while the genius of the English playwright was of a freer and more catholic type than that of his ancient counterpart. It dealt with a larger variety of characters; it included many more differences of personality; it touched and, in accordance with the canons of art of the time, was meant to touch the people and their environment at a far greater number of points. Yet the idea of a struggle between two opposing forces—the one force coming from without, the other originating within the soul of man,—this, too, in Shakespearian tragedy, is not lacking, for this idea lies at the very root of tragedy.

Many parallels might be drawn between the Greek drama and the modern, to show how these two forces work in varying proportions wheresoever the idea of tragedy is uppermost. Take Œdipus and Hamlet, for example. Although each is apparently the victim of a destiny which he can neither prevent nor foresee, yet each is in a measure responsible for the part he plays in the concatenation of events leading up to the final catastrophe; and we feel that, had they been differently disposed in mind, both heroes might have escaped the doom which was the natural consequence of their own behaviour.

But we are less concerned in this lecture with the differences between ancient and modern tragedy than with those which distinguish the ancient writers one from another. The main point is to note the difference between the moral attitude of Æschylus and that of his successors, whether ancient or modern. In Æschylus, everything is sacrificed to religion. In Sophocles, religion is subordinated to art, while in Euripides the religious note has almost died away. It is this that makes Euripides more human even than Sophocles, and brings him into relation, as it were, with the great dramatist of England.

For the purpose of illustration, let us glance for a moment at the motives which inspire the conduct of Orestes, not as he appears in the Sophoclean tragedy, the *Electra*, but as we find him in the three plays of Æschylus that relate his story. There the all-absorbing thought is of destiny itself, as guided by the hand of the supreme deity. The hero's individuality is all but lost in this idea, and though the spiritual struggle within him is well depicted, it is not the matter of highest moment or interest. The figure of Orestes, if compared with that of Hamlet or of Œdipus, not to mention Antigoné or Macbeth, is quite colourless. He is scarcely more than a tool in the grasp of

almighty Zeus, whose inexorable determination is to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children be the latter never so guiltless. The House of Pelops, stained with the crime of murder, rests under the curse of Nemesis, and who shall stay the hand of eternal vengeance? Clytæmnestra is guilty of her husband's death, and her son is appointed by Heaven to avenge the deed. Against his will, Orestes is goaded by Apollo to take his mother's life, and at the supreme moment yields to the stern command. His act, however, in the sight of Heaven, is not unpardonable, and when just punishment is about to be meted out to him by the court of the Areopagus he is released through the intervention of the goddess Athena. But the staying of the hand of impartial justice is merely a device of the poet, whose sincerely religious spirit would save the deity himself from the charge of inconsistency, for, until his release, Orestes is pursued by the furies of his mother, and is a sufferer for the very sin which his destiny forced him to commit.

But in the Sophoclean play all this is minimised, and Orestes, urged by his sister and the aged pedagogue, the companion of his boyhood, and after consultation with his friend Pylades, undertakes to execute the will and implied command of Phœbus,

conveyed to him in the following Oracular response:

"No shielded host, but thine own craft, O King!
The righteous death-blow to thine arm shall bring."

Orestes' responsibility is clear, although the deed of vengeance is performed in strict obedience to the god; and with the death of Clytæmnestra and Ægisthus the play ends.

The psychology of the Æschylean trilogy may be further illustrated by comparison with that of Hamlet. Both Orestes and Hamlet are seemingly the instruments of divine vengeance, though with a difference. Each young man is the son of a "dear father murdered" and is commanded by a superhuman power to avenge his parent's death, but again with a difference. Obedience to the order is a sacred duty, and each hero trembles at the possible consequences of the act he feels he must execute. But here, too, is an important difference. From the first, Hamlet has the power and the right of choice. The fierce struggle within him is owing to his doubts as to his moral obligation in the circumstances. In this effort to arbitrate between his conscience and what seems to him his manifest destiny, he tries to persuade himself that the ghost is a mere

phantom, that it is not an "honest ghost," but the devil himself, perhaps, who has the power to "assume a pleasing shape," and is but abusing him in order to damn and destroy him.

Orestes, on the contrary, has little or no choice open to him. If, like Hamlet, he is reluctant to do the dreadful deed, his hesitation vanishes when he is reminded by his friend Pylades of the command of Apollo. His case differs from that of Hamlet at a very vital point. Judged by modern standards of right and wrong, he has distinctly the advantage of the Dane, for the very spur which urged him to the murder of his mother is also his justification. Apollo may not be disobeyed. What the god directs must be right, no matter how it may be veiled. Had Hamlet seen before him so clear a way as this to the accomplishment of the act enjoined upon him by his father's spirit, there would have been but slight opportunity for that wonderful play of motive which Shakespeare has depicted with consummate skill, and which has rendered the tragedy of *Hamlet* famous unto all time.

Let us now take a glance at Greek comedy. It also, as we have seen, had its origin in a religious cult, the cult of Dionysus. But comedy soon lost sight of the religion with which it was originally associated. The ecstatic character

of that religion was calculated to induce such a tendency toward excess, that the use of wine to encourage the desired and even necessary condition of excitement was only a natural consequence of the situation. But the result was the degeneration of an honest worship into a mere Bacchanalian revel, and religion itself disappeared. Hence wine eventually became closely associated with all the attributes and appurtenances of the god of the harvests and the vintage.

A part of the ceremonial was the singing of wanton songs, with accompanying dances of an appropriate (or inappropriate) nature. A procession or band of singers or revellers, who made it a business or a pastime to sing such songs and dance such dances, was called a *kōmos* (κῶμος). The comus is the parent of the chorus in what is known as the *Old* Attic Comedy—the comedy of Aristophanes. Just as tragedy began when to the chorus was added an actor, so the association of actors with the comus marked the beginning of comedy. This union, like the first, was effected at Athens.

Now, as has been remarked, comedy soon lost sight of the religious element which formed a part of its first beginnings, and in the place of religion there stole in, as it were, a political element or tendency which by the time of

Aristophanes had developed into a recognised form of political satire. If the tragedy of Æschylus was associated with the needs of the state religion, the comedy of Aristophanes and his contemporaries owed its moral status at Athens to the current political situation. Here we have Church and State going hand in hand, for though tragedy at Athens was the older, yet comedy followed close in its wake, and even travelled for some time abreast of it.

But what was the nature of the comedy of Aristophanes? Is the reader confronted in his productions with what George Meredith has termed the "Comic Idea"? We may not draw our lines too fine. Aristophanes is not without mirth and jollity, wit and humour. Nay, he possesses these in marked degree, and he gives us something besides—namely, satire; but the comedy of which Meredith speaks, with its self-restraint and careful analysis of character—the comedy which, in exhibiting men and women as they appear in every-day life, is so constructed as to "awaken thoughtful laughter,"—of this there are of course touches in Aristophanes, scattered fragments, but in him it is not the chief thing. The fundamental motive in Aristophanes is political satire, and this we must bear in mind if we would understand his spirit.

Character painting, so essential to our notions of comedy, is not his *forte*. There was no need that it should be. His characters were already made for him. He brought upon the stage the men of his day and generation—not as types of humanity, but as individuals,—those who were emphatically in the public eye, statesmen and politicians, poets and philosophers. Against these he let fly the shafts of his ridicule — always with a good purpose in view. His aim in general was political reform; but his enthusiasm was not seldom a mistaken one, as when he lashed with his sarcasm the supposed idiosyncrasies of Socrates or Euripides, or ridiculed the democracy of Athens. Much of the praise lavished upon Aristophanes, regarded merely as a writer of comedy, is misplaced. He fell short of the highest idea of comedy. He succeeded generally in arousing uproarious fun and frolic, but the gentle laughter which, as Meredith says, is the result of an intellectual appreciation of the incongruous, the truly comic, this he failed to awaken in his audiences, if indeed he ever tried to do so. As a satirist and a wit he was supreme.

Yet if character studies are largely wanting in the plays of Aristophanes, farcical situations are plentiful. Take, for example, the series of scenes in the *Acharnians*, wherein Dikaiopolis

displays his wares in the market-place, or again the message which that worthy sends to the enemy, offering them a fee of ten drachmas (about two dollars) if they will graciously sell him a small portion of peace for himself and his family. Such absurdities would be too trivial to be tolerated were they not backed by political suggestion and purpose. Aristophanes belonged to the aristocratic and conservative party in politics, which was opposed to the war with Sparta. By setting forth the blessings of peace and ridiculing the war party, he hoped to move the people to a different conception of what was best for the state. His purpose was a worthy one, and there was no way at Athens by which it might be rendered effective save through the medium of the theatre. Journalism, as we have it, was unknown to the Athenians. The purpose of the plays of Aristophanes was somewhat in line with that of our public press; but they were not comedy: they were caricature, and Aristophanes himself was a cartoonist.

But however lofty the motive of his satire, he undoubtedly missed the mark of fair endeavour in many instances. He may have entertained deep and honest prejudice against the personality of Socrates, yet his caricature of that philosopher and philanthropist, in which

he represents the aged man as hung up in a basket that his intellect may reach an elevation commensurate with the exalted character of his teachings—this, which is one of the scenes depicted in the play named the *Clouds*, could have served no high purpose; it must indeed have encouraged the enemies of Socrates, who charged him falsely with worshipping strange gods, and corrupting the youth of the city.

It is hardly possible, in a mere reference like this, to portray the nature of the Aristophanic comedy, which, with that of Eupolis, Cratinus, and others, has been classified technically as the Old Comedy of Athens, to distinguish it from the New Comedy of a later date and a very different type. I know of nothing in either ancient or modern drama with which to parallel it, except it be the comedy of Ben Jonson. There are many things in both Latin and English literature which remind us of its spirit; for satire was, as we might say, a specialty with the Romans, and the English have always nursed a relish for it; nor have the French been wholly lacking in appreciation of this form of wit, of which Molière presents the intellectual and impersonal aspect. A few things also here and there upon the stage resemble it in bits, as it were, or fragments. But

in general, its combination of satire, parody, and caricature, of ribald and improper jests, and abuse of all men and things that seemed to stand in the way of the aristocratic conservatism and anti-radical preconceptions of its author—its union of all this with the coarsest kind of fun created for mere fun's sake, with uproarious farce and gigantic indecency, and, added thereto, the sweetest melody of lyric verse, in which the chorus was wont to give expression to the noblest aspirations, the most sane advice, the sternest abhorrence of wrong —these elements, I believe, are nowhere else united, in like proportion, as we find them in the drama of Aristophanes.

We come nearest to it in England, in the freedom allowed the dramatist in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. But even there, though the playwright was more at liberty to follow his bent than the poet of Italy or France had been before him, yet freedom did not mean license in the Elizabethan period, while royal letters patent were issued to the theatre under certain very proper restrictions. But in the days of the Athenian democracy, before Philip of Macedon and a new régime had curtailed the wantonness of the stage, and forced the drama of Aristophanes to refrain from its former personalities, the license of the Comic Muse knew

no limit. In fact, such license was encouraged both by the temperament of the people and the nature and traditions of the Dionysiac festivals, with which from its very inception the Athenian drama had been associated.

Accordingly we are free to observe that, while Aristophanes endeavoured to effect certain reforms in the political tendencies of his hearers, and to do this through the agency of laughter and farce, yet the methods he employed to accomplish his end were open to criticism at many points, and must fail to bear comparison with those of the three great tragic poets with whom as a teacher and reformer he is so often classed. Hence we should not wish to revive Aristophanes. Great as he was, there is nothing in our present civilisation, that could justify our placing him again upon the stage. His laughter is too loud, his satire too unjust, his political teachings too one-sided and narrow, his language too filthy. Yet he is deserving of our perusal, for his spirit is honest and invites our thoughtful consideration, while his eagerness to work reform might be infused with good results into many a situation of political and even commercial iniquity of our own time.

His spirit has been appreciated to the full by many men of letters since the time of the

earliest of the great Roman satirists. In England, Aristophanes has not been without his admirers. Even Dean Swift's condemnation of the Greek poet's extravagant language fails to conceal a certain fondness for his genius. George Meredith has drawn attention to this interesting point, in his essay on comedy, where Swift's own words are quoted:

> "But as for comic Aristophanes,
> The dog too witty and too profane is."

But Swift's evident predilection for the creature is quite natural to the satire-loving English temperament. The Englishman is by nature a hard hitter, and so was the Greek whose poetry we are considering. The former also likes to have a moral purpose behind his blows—one in whose righteousness he has implicit trust,—and in this too he resembles this particular ancient dramatist, whose central thought was the idea of good citizenship. In fact, it is in his character of reformer that we find Aristophanes' chief justification. This it is that saves him from the charge of triviality, from suspicion of undue rancour and vindictiveness.

Once more, then, what is that idea of comedy which has been already alluded to as

more accurately reflected in other dramatic literatures than in the plays of Aristophanes? In the language of George Meredith, it is called the "genius of thoughtful laughter." This is a pregnant expression, and characteristic of that writer's manner. But no one who knows George Meredith can in this instance mistake his meaning. He is defining, not comedy as we find it in Aristophanes, nor as it is presented to us in many literatures and on many a stage, but the ideal conception which to his mind should be the standard or test of the truly comic. An essential element therein is intellectuality; another requisite is the capacity to arouse laughter. The first of these elements acts as a restraint upon the second, so that their union insures moderation. The whole definition then implies two things: a certain refinement in the comedy, and a keen insight on the part of the reader to detect subtle distinctions, subtle variations from the normal and the real. The point of departure is common sense.

We must take care, too, lest we fall unconsciously into satire. Satire o'ersteps the limits of the comic idea. Even wit, though often an adjunct of high comedy, is not always a desirable adjunct, for wit may be pungent and hurtful—qualities at variance with the truly

comic spirit. The spirit of genuine comedy is contemplative rather than aggressive. It pictures the weaknesses and follies of humanity without malice in its tone. It aims to correct folly by letting her see herself. It holds the mirror up to nature, but leaves no scar or sting. It is, in general, the spirit of Horace as opposed to that of Juvenal or Lucilius. On this account comedy is more effective than satire, for it informs without antagonising, and has a wider range in proportion as to relate fact, to portray the actual, is easier than to bring it into ridicule.

The comic spirit is the spirit of social intercourse. It is civilised, not barbaric, and presupposes the self-command demanded by civilisation. It was manifest in the dramas of the New Attic Comedy—the comedy of Philemon and Menander, whose Roman imitators were Plautus and Terence. It is prominent in the writings of Molière; it is presented to perfection by the unapproachable Shakespeare in such comedies as *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *As You Like It*, in which is depicted such merriment as is moderate in its expression and moved chiefly by reflection on the drollery of the situation.

The French poet has given it to us in *Les Fourberies de Scapin* and *Tartuffe*. Yet no-

where in dramatic literature is it more genuinely disclosed than in the single speech of Jacques, beginning, "All the world 's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Herein is the truly comic attitude, prepared to hold the mirror up to nature, wherein folly and human weakness may see themselves reflected, without being set at defiance by the lash of irony or sarcasm, or other moral castigation. This idea of comedy is not confined to the drama; it appears widely in literature. But the drama emphasises and defines it—makes it vivid and real, through action and the play of motive rather than by precept.

What has just been said is of particular interest in two respects. In the first place, it brings to mind the comic spirit as something distinct from satire and personal criticism. It suggests that the fairest form of comedy is not the peculiar and somewhat localised aspect of it, of which the writings of Aristophanes are the chief exemplar. Nor secondly is it properly denoted by the broad farce, the play of the buffoon and the mime, having behind them no definite aim other than to amuse, and appearing in some form of dramatic representation all the world over. It is neither of these, but rather that which is manifested in the kind of literature frequently alluded to as the Comedy

of Manners, whose basis is ever the society of the time, whether it be that of Athens in the age of Pericles and Menander, or that of modern France or England.

And here again we may recur to ancient Athens—that greatest of schools in art and literature—for one of the truest examples of the Comedy of Manners. Or if our judgment in this seem prejudiced, and we are inclined, while according to Athens the palm in tragedy, to question her supremacy in the sister art of comedy, leaving this for France if not for England, yet it can hardly be gainsaid that, were it not for the later school of Attic Comedy of which Menander was confessedly the head, the very character of modern dramatic literature, within the range of the comic at least, would have varied greatly from that which we know it to be, and would have fallen far short of its present artistic excellence.

The comedy of Athens to which I am now referring was later in time than the comedy of Aristophanes. Before the death of the author of the *Birds* and the *Clouds*, Athens had already begun to lose her political supremacy. With the decline of her civic importance, her comedy, which took its cue from her political and public life, declined also—only to be revived again in another and equally perfect

form. This new form, instead of caricaturing society and turning it upside down, as the comedy of Aristophanes had done, making the weak appear strong and the virtuous seem wicked or silly, endeavoured to represent life as it was, and in particular domestic life. Instead of placing on the stage exaggerated portraits of persons then living, it displayed only types of character, idealised pictures of every-day men and women—and such has been a fundamental principle of the comic stage from that day to the present.

Of this nature was the comedy of Menander and his fellows in the New Attic Comedy. From the writers of this school, Molière drew many of the types in whose portraiture he so greatly excels, and with these writers, or their Roman representatives, he united in handing on the ancient list of *dramatis personae* to the modern comic stage. The plays of Menander and his contemporaries have perished. Only fragments of the Greek originals survive. But the types of character which they presented are among our most valued inheritances, as they appear in the Latin dress imparted to them by Plautus and Terence. Nowhere short of Shakespearian comedy is the "genius of thoughtful laughter" more distinct and clear, than in these Latin adaptations of the plays of

the New Attic Comedy, in which Greek customs, manners, and life were reproduced for the special benefit of Roman audiences.

But the Elizabethan comedy differed from all that had preceded it in Christian times. Like the drama of Greece, it was of purely independent and native growth, and whether in its more serious forms or its lighter and gayer parts, it is everywhere *sui generis;* in only a very secondary sense can it be described as foreign or borrowed. In this respect it differs greatly from the comedy of France, as well as from that of Renaissance Italy and Spain, and while exceptions to this rule are discernible even in Shakespeare, yet in general it may be said that the English drama of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is all but unique in its freedom from those earlier influences and traditions which, descending from classic times, never wholly lost their grasp upon the dramatic literature of the continent of Europe.

This does not mean that Shakespeare invented all he said, or that he did not draw from the materials he found at his disposal. On the contrary, he made large draughts upon the literature of preceding ages. But, unlike his forerunners on the Continent, he was bound by few rules; he was hampered by no traditions. The unities of time and place were to

him no stumbling blocks, for he wholly ignored them. Traditional metres and forms of verse, by which others had been bound and fettered, presented no hindrances to his all-embracing genius; he used them only where it suited his purpose to do so, and made of them merely tools to enhance the beauties of his poetry. He felt himself altogether free to take advantage of everything in the way of plot or incident or story which came to hand. He was at liberty also to treat these as his reason or his fancy might dictate. Both prose and verse were at his service. Indeed all that his predecessors had done was subject to his command, and in shape for him to build on, and he availed himself to the full of the privileges to which he had been born. Had he not done so; had he endeavoured to create a new school, and to set aside that accumulated experience in dramatic art, which was his, as it were, through inheritance, he would have been less great, less catholic than he was—less prolific of examples of the comic idea. The comic spirit comes of a free heart and a free hand. The Renaissance had set the standard of taste for Italy, and France was ruled by her Academy. But in England there was no standard, no Academy. The playwright, so long as he did not contravene the universal laws of religion and public decency,

or openly libel the government, was permitted to follow to the utmost his natural bent; and this is what Shakespeare did without stint.

Such was the situation in England in the Elizabethan epoch; no other age or country, excepting Athens in the Periclean era, has been more distinguished for productiveness in what may be termed the higher forms of dramatic literature. The comic spirit, which leavens our civilisation and checks within us the egoism and vanity of the savage and the satirist, was doing its work in literature and in the life of the people. In the drama it was potent to an extent only comparable to its activity in ancient times. Succeeding generations have felt its influence and profited by its examples. Both on and off the stage it is always near us. It is subtle beyond description. It confronts us often unexpectedly, and may appear, as it does in Shakespeare and Euripides, even in the midst of a tragedy. It is elusive and playful, yet it serves a serious purpose in the long run, and is indirectly of more value in curbing folly than the more intense, though less pervasive, spirit of the Muse of Tragedy.

IV

CLASSICAL ARCHÆOLOGY

NOT a few of us are vaguely of the opinion that Greek literature, art, and civilisation are unique, that there is nothing else quite like them, that somehow they lie at the source of all real culture, and that the highest education is of necessity connected, to some extent at least, with the study of the Greek language. Yet there has developed of late a certain antagonism of thought to the once almost universal doctrine that Greek studies have value in education, and cannot be wisely omitted from the list of school or university subjects. This antagonism, at first merely partial and sporadic, has since become intense and widespread, until what was once the rule has at last become the exception, and young men pass into college and through our universities, and are decorated with the highest honours, while to a great majority of them even the Greek alphabet presents an unexplored field. True,

the immediately practical utility of a knowledge of Greek is not at a glance very obvious. The age of Pericles! What have we to do with it? Our own age, with its manifold interests and activities, offers food for thought of far more positive value and concern. Greece lies far away, both in space and time, and it is needless and unprofitable for such as we to be troubled about its language or its literature. Such reasoning as this is not uncommon among us, and is at times encouraged by the daily press, as when a highly respectable newspaper declares editorially that "classical scholarship has but little attraction for the twentieth century," implying at the same time that the civilised nations of the twentieth century have but little use for classical scholarship.

But it may be well for us to bear in mind that it is the things which are not seen that are in reality eternal, a doctrine for which we shall find support not only in the Bible, but in the writings of that most renowned of all philosophers, whether pagan or Christian, the immortal Plato. There exists indeed in our very midst a goodly company of scholars whose tastes and activities show them to be keenly alive to what they believe to be the great importance to mankind of Greek studies. Though relatively few in number, they are

conspicuous both in Europe and America for their enthusiasm and energy, and while most of them are connected with the educational work of the country, not a few of them belong to the business and professional world outside, and are often induced to contribute of their means toward the promotion of antiquarian research. Thus the cause of classical scholarship in America is variously promoted, notwithstanding much prejudice and opposition.

Two things conspire to keep alive the enthusiasm for Greek and Latin here alluded to (for where the Greek is there will the Latin be also). First, there is tradition. The influence of the Renaissance and the love for classical learning to which it gave birth have not yet wholly vanished, and, although in a large part of American educational life they would seem to be fast disappearing, there is always the chance that with the increase of wealth and the advance of civilisation in this land of good promise the old love and enthusiasm may revive. Secondly, there is the effect, now more manifest in its results than ever, of German thought upon American education and scholarship. Germany has held on to the classics with commendable tenacity, although she has done so in her own peculiar way. Her scholarship, in one of its aspects at least, is distinctly different

from that of the period of the Renaissance. It is less æsthetic and literary, more scientific and philological. The scientific spirit has entered into her counsels, and has grown by what it has fed on. Her scholars have become famous as men of research.

The purpose not merely to develop an æsthetic sense of the form and style of the ancients — a characteristic habit of the Renaissance, — but also to investigate, interpret, and make clear whatever in them is hidden or difficult — in fact, to add to the sum of human knowledge concerning them something hitherto undiscovered — this spirit, working in the fields of philology and archæology, has inspired and kept active both Germany's own interest in the ancient literatures, and that of America as well. So far at least as classical studies are concerned, America has caught the scientific spirit mainly from Germany; to a very limited extent from England. While England has cherished deeply the more purely imitative spirit of Renaissance times, and has handed on to the New World what may be loosely defined as the æsthetics of scholarship, Germany has been energetic in sustaining also a spirit of scientific inquiry, and in developing new methods of investigation in classical subjects.

American universities, influenced, in more

recent years, by this spirit, have introduced something like a new force into the domain of classical education. The result is a slight weakening in one direction (the æsthetic, the sense of the literary), and a strengthening in the other (the strictly intellectual, the scientific). But the strengthening is on the side of permanency. The humanism of the Renaissance was only in the very least degree scientific, and while its hold upon the educated world has been maintained most fortunately for centuries, its grasp has at last begun actually to weaken before the onward rush and impulse of more modern theories and ideas. It is in need of modification and readjustment, and these it must find in the spirit of the present age—the spirit that is scientific as well as literary, practical as well as imaginative, and eagerly and honestly truth-seeking.

The subjects of philology and archæology, with all that these two terms suggest and embrace, have of late so enshrouded and enveloped the literatures of antiquity as to make these appear to us like the mere nucleus of a single great department of study. This department might be alluded to in general as that of classical antiquity, having its three different sides or aspects: the purely literary, the philological or linguistic, and the archæological — a

classification, more convenient than logical, of the various related topics to which the student of antiquity may devote his attention. Of these, the second and third have, in a sense, grown out of the first, which, however, is often included in the broader meaning of the word philology, while archæology is in some respects hardly capable of being distinguished from either of the two kindred branches.

Yet it is what I have chosen to call the scientific spirit that we must regard as ultimately responsible for those linguistic and antiquarian researches which are now throwing such a brilliant search-light on the textual criticism and interpretation of ancient writings, the study of ancient inscriptions, and the unravelling of problems suggested by the excavation of classic sites. The scientific spirit is broad and catholic. It takes account of all knowledge, all learning. Within the sphere of its activity are room and nourishment for whatever is of more than temporary interest to human thought and progress. "*Humani nil a me alienum puto*," says science, and herein lies one powerful guarantee at least that classical studies, however much in certain localities they may be forgotten or ignored, will in the long run meet with adequate appreciation in American culture and education.

Now in none of the three fields or divisions of classical study, just mentioned, has human interest been more pronounced of late years than in that most engaging department of research which it is the peculiar duty of the archæological societies of Europe and America to foster and develop. What is archæology technically considered? It is the practical investigation or examination of ancient sites, with a view to the special study of those monuments in stone, marble, bronze, metal, or clay, which have long lain buried in the earth or have survived above ground the ravages of time and the hand of the iconoclast. It antedates history, or at least is often the only source whence history is derived. It implies the use of the pick-axe and the spade in those places where excavation promises important "finds." It means the comparison and classification of these "finds" for purposes of study. It teaches us exactly how the ancients built their temples, their palaces, their theatres, their courts of justice, their private dwellings, and how they furnished and decorated them. It has to do with the whole question of the development of the plastic art along the shores of the Mediterranean, than which no subject is more attractive, or more important to a reasonable understanding of Greek and Roman literature.

It touches the domain of ancient religions, for the inhabitants of the Mediterranean coasts knew little of any deity whose attributes could not be presented to their gaze through the medium of the graven image. Indeed it was this longing for the concrete presentment of an anthropomorphic divinity that gave to Greek art its primary impulse and its perfect development.

Archæology, however, means something further still. It urges us to visit the spot in person, which is to be the object of our special attention. Actual vision is a condition of success. No amount of book-learning will suffice. Italy, Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, the Far East, must know us, and we them. We can no longer be content with the pursuit of our favourite theme within the limits of Leipsic or Berlin. The classical archæologist must see Greece and Italy with his own eyes. Hence the foundation at Rome and Athens of schools of classical studies. The German university was once the Mecca of the American classicist. There he could gather nearly all that was to be known about ancient Greece and Italy. At that time neither the German nor the American appeared to dream of such a thing as a prolonged or serious study of Greek history, literature, and life, on Greek soil. He might write a treatise on Pompeii, or on the Oracles

of Dodona and Delphi, but what books and his own imagination could not tell him about these matters was hardly worthy of his regard. Now all this is changed; the student must make his pilgrimage to classic lands. The educational world has awakened to an appreciation of the value of visual contact, in these as in other things, and it is strenuous and positive in its support of this principle. Greek and Roman life must be studied on Greek and Roman soil. The inscription must be read from the stone on which it was cut. The masterpiece in sculpture must be brought within the range of vision, whether it be the *Hermes* at Olympia, or he of Andros in the Athens museum, or the *Aphroditè* of Melos in the Louvre.

This in bare outline is the meaning of classical archæology, and this it is that lends especial zest to both Greek and Latin studies to-day. It brings home to us with all the power of realism the life and thought of the ancient world. It solves problems which have been associated with the literature for centuries. It places us in a position, when all else fails, to determine the relative values of disputed readings. It puts us in the way of the discovery of new manuscripts and records, or rather of those that have long lain buried in obscurity and oblivion. The story of Helen and the Trojan

War is no longer a myth and a mystery, for the ruins of Ilium are visible to the naked eye. The reign of Priam and the burning of wind-swept Troy no longer haunt the imagination as the mere creations of a poet's fancy. They are facts, accepted, though but recently, by the most sceptical of scholars, and demonstrated with almost mathematical precision through the labours of Doerpfeld and Schliemann. The graves of Agamemnon and Clytæmnestra at Mycenæ are almost as certainly known to us as those of the sovereigns of England. The careful examination of ancient theatres both in the islands of the Archipelago and on the mainland of Greece has revealed the true nature of the Greek stage, and has cast a flood of light on the meaning of the Greek drama. Investigations in Egyptian tombs have greatly lengthened the list of extant Greek writers. The English occupation of Egypt has given new papyrus rolls to the British Museum, and the lyrics of a Bacchylides have been added to those of Pindar.

Now all this goes to show two things: first, that the scientific spirit of our day and generation is not only not opposed to but in reality tends to foster and encourage the pursuit of antiquarian lore in every field; secondly, that this same spirit, so far as archæology is con-

cerned, must needs esteem the Greek above the Latin. As the former comes first in time, so also does it come first in point of interest and real importance. The utilitarian leanings of our people should not be permitted to shut out the older and the greater of these from our literary and scientific consciousness. From Rome to Greece is but a single step, and the latter must ever be the goal towards which our higher ideals shall reach.

The literature of Greece possesses qualities of genius of a higher order than those of its sister of the Italian peninsula. It makes larger and more permanent returns for the labour that the acquisition of the language entails upon one's time and vitality. Who does not prefer the adventures of Ulysses as told by Homer, to those of Æneas as related by Vergil; the fairy tales of Herodotus, to the historical anecdotes of Livy; the story of the Sicilian expedition so graphically penned by Thucydides, to the Roman occupation of Britain which Tacitus has epitomised in his life of Agricola? Even Cicero himself must yield to Demosthenes who

> "fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

Comparisons are difficult and invidious. Yet to give credit where credit is due, honour to

whom honour, is not always to disparage that which is inferior; and no unusual keenness of intellect is needed to see how Roman literature not only is surpassed by that of Greece, but is dependent upon the latter for its fullest elucidation. Blot out of existence everything that is purely Roman, and the Greek will still abide in the full light of the glory that is all its own. Remove the Greek, and you have obscured the one high luminary in whose radiance the brightest star in the Roman galaxy is clearly seen.

But the purpose of this address is to direct attention to the importance of the study of archæology to a full understanding of Greek literature and history. Archæology is not concerned with these alone: it deals with all antiquity, and even with much that is comparatively modern. Its wide range of subjects is seen at a glance in the pages of the *American Journal of Archæology*. We may find there the excavations at Assos treated side by side with the antiquities of Mexico, or again with the lost mosaics of the Basilica of St. Peter. Accompanying an account of recent discoveries at Babylon is one dealing with the Madonnas of Luca della Robbia; and the "Revival of Sculpture in Europe in the Thirteenth Century" is discussed in the same volume with the

law code of a city in Crete. But it is more immediately in relation to Greece that archæological investigation is of interest to us. The history of Greece, like that of Egypt or of the Orient, belongs essentially to the ante-Christian period. Other countries of Europe have developed and matured in mediæval and modern times. Even Italy is not an exception to this rule. In Italy the past is united with the present by a series of historic links which form an unbroken chain from Romulus to the present King; and by far the longer part of that chain dates since the coming of Christ. There is the Italy of antiquity, the Italy of the Middle Ages, the Italy of the Renaissance and of to-day. There is the Rome of the Kings, the Republic, and the Empire; the Rome of the Church and the Papacy, and the Rome of the United Italy of our own time. Each of these has its history and traditions; yet each has paved the way for the age that follows it. The chain is literally without a break for a period of nearly three thousand years. The several epochs are marked by as many distinct achievements, and it would be difficult to say which is really the greatest. The student of archæology in Italy is ofttimes puzzled to draw the line between that which is technically ancient and that which is mediæval or modern.

But the opposite of all this is true in regard to Greece. The great age of Greece covered a period of about four hundred years. To the interval of time that elapsed between the reforms of Solon and the subjection of Greece to the Roman arms we owe nearly everything that can be called great in the life of the Greek people:—their literature (excepting Homer and Hesiod), their art, their architecture, their politics, their laws, their commerce, and their martial spirit. But since the fall of Corinth in the middle of the second century before Christ the Greeks have rested, as it were, on their laurels. Between the ancient and the modern there is a great gulf fixed—a gulf, however, that may the more easily be bridged because of its depth, and the absence of anything of supreme moment to obscure the view. In Rome one must hunt for the ancient city amid a mass of mediæval and modern buildings. At Athens one is brought face to face with antiquity almost on one's first arrival. There nothing can destroy the ancient setting, modified though it be by the presence of the modern town. In the background is the theatre of hills—the ridges of Pentelicus and Hymettus, immovable through the ages. In the midst of the plain rises the hill of the Acropolis, on one side of which (to speak somewhat roughly) lies most

of what is left, besides the Acropolis itself, of the city of Pericles; while on the other is the now flourishing capital of King George, of which the more important foundations were laid scarcely seventy years ago.

Go to Rome and descend the steps that enter the excavated Forum Romanum, and try to imagine yourself to be, as indeed you are, in the centre of the ancient city. Set your constructive faculties at work and rebuild from the surrounding ruins the basilicas Julia and Æmilia, the temples of Saturn, of Vespasian, of Concord, and of Castor and Pollux, as well as that noble fane which marked the spot where once the funeral pyre of the greatest of the Cæsars lit up the dim shadows of the ancient market-place. Picture to your fancy the Sacred Way (above whose shattered pavement you are now standing), flanked as it was by statues and temples and courts of justice. Pause for an instant before the shrine of the Vestals in company with that ever-merry man of the world, who arrested his steps near this same spot over two thousand years ago, in a vain endeavour to escape the importunities of a bore who was seeking at his hands an introduction to Mæcenas. Tarry here for a moment and picture to your mind the palaces on the Palatine hill, as they must have appeared to

our beloved Horace. Glance at the excavations which have disclosed the grim walls of the habitations of the Cæsars, and reconstruct these dwellings in the mind's eye—adorned with their original marbles, and presenting to the view a perfect labyrinth of great halls and crypto-porticoes, and upper and lower chambers, with their balconies and balustrades, and all the other devices that were known to the architecture of the day, and served to please the fancy of the most luxurious, the most pleasure-seeking, and in some respects the most arbitrary rulers the world has ever known.

How far from satisfactory it all is! There is scarcely anything of antiquity to be seen that is not in very close proximity with buildings of modern date. Cast the eye slightly upward, and these marks of an ancient civilisation are dwarfed and belittled by the more prominent and to many people more interesting objects belonging to a later period. On the west and north of the forum the life of the modern town is as aggressive as if Rome were a city of yesterday only. The Capitoline hill is entirely hidden from view by modern structures. The palace of the senators, that looked down upon the mad freaks of Rienzi, the Campanile tower, the church of the Ara Coeli, traditionally connected with the early days of Christianity, the

piazza of the Campidoglio with its museums and its bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the Caffarelli palace, which shelters the German Archæological Institute, whose gatherings have been rendered notable by the presence of the late Theodor Mommsen—all these, and more besides, serve to alter and obscure the spot where once were visible from the forum itself the arx or citadel, the great shrine of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the Tarpeian rock. The Mamertine prison, too, at the foot of the hill, where languished such enemies of Rome as the great Jugurtha, and Vercingetorix the Gaul, and the arch-conspirators against whom Cicero launched his famous invectives, —this dismal cell, hewn in the solid rock and preserved to this day in all its primitive strength, is now completely lost to view beneath a church consecrated to St. Joseph.

On the other hand, at Athens there is little or no such obscuration of the antique. What remains of the latter, with exceptional traces of it discovered beneath the surface of the present city, is visible at once to the tourist as well as to the trained archæologist. From the central eminence of the Acropolis taken as a standpoint, one can take in, almost with one sweep of the eye, the principal objects of antiquarian interest at Athens. Though excava-

tion has been necessary, this has not been a matter of digging so deep into the soil as has been the case at Rome. The level of parts of the Forum Romanum is thirty feet below that of the modern city. The fora of the Cæsars are as difficult for the casual visitor to trace as the original handwriting of a palimpsest. The Circus Maximus rests beneath a gas factory which itself is built upon earth that lies not less than forty feet above the soil once churned into dust by Roman chariot wheels. At Athens the excavation of the Stadium, once famous for its foot-races, was a task of slight moment compared with the disclosure of the Sacra Via or the interior of the Forum of Augustus. The removal of the debris from the Acropolis, which had accumulated during its occupation by the Turks, was no gigantic undertaking; while the Parthenon and the Erechtheum and the Gateway of the Propylaea have ever stood above ground as they stand to-day—more imposing and suggestive in their ruin perhaps than in the days of their original splendour.

Here it is that archæology steps in and, aided by architecture and art, both renews the shattered temples and makes clear the form and fashion of the venerable structures. One can recall without strain or hindrance all the

beauty and brightness of the scene as it appeared to the eyes of the Athenian. Nor does this way of expressing it savour of hyperbole or exaggeration. The point I desire to make is that while other European countries, even Italy herself, are of interest to us largely for what they have been since the dawn of the Christian era, Greece and Greece alone is the real land of antiquity in Europe. She attracts us for what she was before the power of Rome reduced her to a mere province. Her literature, her art, her politics, her real life belong to that period; and in studying that life, and seeking to realise all that it has given to us, we can no more dispense with the teachings of archæology than we can do without the literature itself. The two must go hand in hand.

It does not lie within the province of this address to describe in detail the duties and functions of the archæologist in classic lands. Yet nothing could be more fascinating than to enter upon a survey of the field of Hellenic art. Beginning with the most ancient monuments which were left on the soil of Greece by her primitive inhabitants at a time when as yet Greece had no history, it would be our privilege to trace the rise and development of sculpture through the archaic or formative period, and until it reached its highest development in

the school of Phidias; thence through the Alexandrine age and the age of Praxiteles to the period of Hellenistic sculpture and the school of Pergamum; and finally to dwell upon the changes which Greek art, subjected to new conditions in the schools of Asia Minor, had already begun to undergo, in departing from that severe simplicity which had characterised it in the times of Phidias, Calamis, and Myron.

Nor would it be uninteresting to discuss the artistic merits of those frequently grotesque but often exquisite little figurines in terra cotta, of which such numbers have been disentombed at Tanagra and in other parts of Greece. It would be profitable also to devote much time and attention to the study of ancient vase-paintings, for which the museums of Europe afford endless opportunities. Even numismatics and glyptics should come in for their share of our interest (the latter having to do with engraved gems and precious stones, and being therefore naturally connected with the study of coins). Nor could the history of ancient architecture be omitted from our survey, which should include such primitive building as that of the Cyclopean walls and Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ, and yet not fail to notice the several orders of pillar, capital, and archi-

trave, which are exemplified in the Doric temples at Syracuse, Pæstum, and Athens, the Ionic shrine of Artemis at Ephesus, and the Corinthian colonnade which surrounded the temple of Asclēpius at Tralles. But, passing by these and kindred subjects of deepest interest, let us look for a moment at modern Greece and ask ourselves what interest archæology possesses for the Athenian of to-day; for, strange as it may seem, nearly every person one meets in Athens is an archæologist at heart if not in actual practice.

To the average Greek mind the great age and everything connected with that age is of vital and transcendent importance. No country in the world is so proud of its past, and no people in Europe would work so hard in an endeavour to restore and revivify their past as the people who call themselves Hellenes. Even the name of Greece is not pleasing to them, for Greece was the Roman word for the Balkan peninsula. The Hellenes were a scattered population, then as now inhabiting the coasts and islands of the great inland sea. Such a nation as the Greece of the geographers has never existed. It is the knowledge of this fact, combined with his jealous tenacity of everything ancient, that renders the modern Greek indignant at the very thought of the

seizure by a foreign power of any portion of that widely extended territory which was once known as Hellas. The island of Crete is as much a part of his native land in the eyes of the Athenian as the Isle of Wight is a part of England in the opinion of a Londoner. The fact that Crete was long subject to the Turk has naught to do, in his judgment, with the rights of the case. In antiquity not Crete alone, but many islands in which the Turk now holds sway, formed part, and an important part, of Hellas. To the Greek this is all-sufficient. In his view, the domain of the ancient Hellenes should likewise mark the limits of modern Hellenism. Of course this is a wild dream. But it indicates the general direction and character of Greek national feeling and the bounds of its ambitions.

Now the Greek Archæological Society is well-nigh the most active corporation in the kingdom. Unlike similar organisations in other countries, it is supported, one may say, by the enthusiasm and the pockets of the entire nation. Every possible effort, in every conceivable quarter, is made to lend aid to its undertakings; and it in turn does all in its power to assist foreign associations, of like character with itself, in their endeavours to examine into and bring to light the evidences

of antiquity in various parts of Greece. The Greeks are aware that they can accomplish little of themselves. In consequence, every necessary facility and privilege is extended to the members of the several European schools of archæology that are at work in Greek lands and have their headquarters at Athens. The Germans, the French, the English, and the Americans are encouraged by the Greek Government to carry on excavations in Greek lands. The Germans have excavated Olympia, the French Delphi; the English have been at work in the islands of Melos and Crete, while the Americans have discovered or rather uncovered Corinth.[1] The only direct compensation made to the Greeks for these privileges is a compact or understanding, under whose provisions the product of the excavations shall not be removed from Greece. Whatever the character of the "finds," the latter shall remain where they can contribute to the glory of the country, whether on the very spot itself where they are brought to view, or in one of the museums at Athens. And this is right. The Greeks have not forgotten the removal from

[1] Much else of course has been done, in the way of excavation, by the American and other foreign Schools of Archæology at Athens; but for the results the reader is referred to their respective publications.

Athens of that very considerable portion of the Parthenon frieze which is known in England as the Elgin marbles, even though the English have done much since Lord Elgin's time to repay them for the loss; and in general, the museums of Europe are replete with valuable relics, long since taken from the Greeks, not the least of which are those that have been appropriated by the French.

Then again the use of the ancient tongue, both in literature and to some degree in the public press, is fostered by the foreign schools, with the connivance of the people and the government. The colloquial Romaic, or modern Greek speech, is often much slighted, and in some cases wholly abandoned in conversation by the educated society of the capital. Even the town-folk, elsewhere than at Athens, have caught something of the spirit of the occasion, and are devoted to the classical literature. This general movement toward antiquity receives its impulse from, and keeps pace with, the new growth of the nation.

We are not widely concerned here in America with the sudden springing into life of this little country beyond the seas, and almost beyond the confines of Europe, especially since the inscrutable Turk has in a measure ceased from troubling, and the Greek is, for a time at

least, at rest. Nevertheless the reign of King George marks an epoch in the life of this people such as has not been since the olden time of which we have read so much. Athens to-day is a busy, commercial town, seriously occupied in recalling the age of Pericles, and in moulding its habits and ways of thought upon the literature, the politics, the tastes of the ancient city. It springs, as it were, from the tomb, and would renew the very life and activities for which it was once so famous; and, however inadequate or even ridiculous the attempt may seem; however ludicrous may appear to our minds the revival of celebrated names among the semi-rural population, and in the persons of cab-drivers and shopkeepers; amused as we may be at the necessity to drive a bargain with "Themistocles," or to purchase a hat of "Alcibiades," yet such matters as these are merely the superficial signs of a deeper and more serious purpose which lies at the heart of the nation, and refuses to be "downed" or even discouraged. The fact is a striking one, and impresses the traveller at once. We cannot walk through the streets of Athens without being reminded of ancient life and custom. Not the names and advertisements only, which are posted everywhere in the Greek character, but the

buildings themselves, are in the style of the best age. Nothing in ancient Athens could have gratified more truly the taste of the artist than the Doric colonnades, in brilliant Pentelic marble, of the present academy and museum.

Whatever may be said or thought of the characteristic weaknesses of the modern Greek; however contemptuous we may be of his attainments and his ambitions, it is impossible for those who know him well not to feel some of the admiration for him which Byron felt, and to realise that the Greece of to-day is fast becoming a living force in the world. It would seem almost as though the time, dimly foreshadowed by the author of *Childe Harold*, were not so far distant as the poet himself imagined:

"When riseth Lacedæmon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored, but not till then."

Certainly, if not Thebes, Athens at least is being reared again, and Athens' children are with hearts endued. No one knows this better than the Americans who have lived and toiled among them of recent years. Nor should Americans be slow to remember the influence

of the Greeks upon their own free institutions and government. It was not to Rome but to little Greece that our statesmen turned more than a century ago for a model on which to fashion our system of federal government. The idea of an association of states, each having its own legislature and judiciary, yet bound together by a central government lending unity to the whole, had its first origins in the Amphictyonic and Achæan leagues of ancient Hellas. No country of the earth owes more to Greece than does America; and, on the other hand, no nation (not even England) has proved herself to be more sympathetic with the Greek people in their trials and misfortunes. Nor are the Greeks ungrateful. The name of "American" is a passport to hospitality everywhere in Greek lands to-day, and in the late war with Turkey our school of archæology at Athens suffered less hindrance in carrying on its work than the German, the English, or the French.

But may there not be a principle underlying all this, more actual and profound than would appear on first thought? The most famous period in Athenian history was the period of the democracy—a democracy in the best sense of the word, to which there never has been but one true parallel (that of Switzerland perhaps

excepted), whether we look for it in ancient or in modern times. That parallel is the republic to which we ourselves belong, and which, curious as it may be, has derived from Greek sources the very principles in which its greatness is founded.

"It was something to be the chosen home of art and poetry and history and philosophy, but the great democracy was yet more. The highest claim of Athens on the memory of man is to have been the parent state of justice and freedom, the spot where men learned that freedom and order could walk side by side; where assembled thousands first learned to listen to the appeal of rival speakers, and to decide by a peaceful vote between them. We may reverence the home of art on her Acropolis; we may reverence the home of philosophy in her academy; but higher still are the associations of those stones cut in the hillside which mark the place where the people sat in the free exercise of sovereign power."

Such is the picture drawn by Edward A. Freeman. There is no new thing under the sun; and so the tiny state, whose citadel was the shrine of the goddess of learning, speaks to us down the centuries from the very stones within whose circle were gathered once a sovereign people like our own, in the exercise of

the functions of a free and enlightened government. Those stones on the south-eastern declivity of the hill of the Acropolis, and known to the world as the theatre of Dionysus, long lay buried from sight, only to be restored to view in recent times, and to become a subject of especial interest to the American archæologist. Thus doth the subject of our theme endure to bridge the gulf of time, and to bind together the old and the new world.

V

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT ATHENS IN 1896

ONE aspect of the Greek games which were celebrated at Athens in 1896 is the archæological—the side that reveals their relation to classical antiquity. This is the side that should awaken a lasting interest in their performance. The fairly accurate renewal of a custom that constituted one of the most striking and significant factors in ancient Greek life possesses an historical and antiquarian value not easily overestimated. Herein is the instructive side of the spectacle. We are not obliged here to enter upon an extended discussion of Greek civilisation, in order to appreciate it; nor need we enlarge on the beauties of the art and the literature which that civilisation has bequeathed to us. We all are willing to admit that Greece, like Palestine, was once the home of a peculiarly gifted people, whose national life made an impression on the world

probably never to be effaced, and whose influence upon the progress of the arts and sciences in Europe is of profound significance, since without it Rome must have failed to reach that eminence in literature, philosophy, and civilisation with which her name has long been associated.

Accordingly an undertaking intended to reproduce, even temporarily, an important feature of that old Greek life—to render it more vivid to the modern gaze, and to bring it home to our hearts and minds—was at least to be commended and encouraged.

Now the literature of the ancient Greeks, albeit the principal witness to the undying influence to which reference has been made, is no longer the only source of inspiration to those who would search the archives of antiquity for knowledge of the qualities and characteristics of that wonderful race. However deeply and profitably we may be engaged in a minute inspection of the dramas of Euripides or the poems of Homer, however much we may concern ourselves with the many problems which the texts of these and other classic authors present to us, we cannot now be content with philological studies alone if we wish to know the Greeks in the full light of modern investigation. Time was, and that not very

long ago, when our interest in ancient Hellas was chiefly confined to what her authors had to tell us, and even this was at times vague and uncertain and beyond the reach of philology to determine. Classical scholarship, whether it be Greek, Roman, or even distinctively Oriental, has now fairly entered upon a new era and a relatively novel field of research—a field so absorbing in its interest, so full of realism, so vividly suggestive of the personal, active, efficient life and vitality of antiquity, that the danger is rather that we cultivate it at the expense of the literature, than that we should fail to appreciate its importance or turn an indifferent ear to its teachings.

It is the study or, if we may so say, the science of archæology that has wrought this change—of archæology in the more technical sense of the word, as distinguished from philology and literature. This branch of research was never so assiduously cultivated as in our own time, nor was it ever before so clearly justified by its results; for not only to professed antiquarians has it proved to be a source of guidance and inspiration, but also to toilers in other fields of historical knowledge — to students of art and of architecture, and even of engineering.

But to the specialist in classical philology,

who would glean from the language and literature of the Greeks the thoughts which underlay and prompted their conduct and achievements — to him, archæology is, as it were, the other handle to his science. The writings of Sophocles and Euripides must, of course, be critically interpreted, but the remnants of the theatre in which their dramas were enacted must be studied also, and reconstructed, in theory at least, where they still lie, on the south-eastern declivity of the hill of the Acropolis, before we can quite understand the effect which those dramas produced upon the intellect and the emotions of the assembled Greeks. The orations of Cicero may ring in our ears like those of Webster or Burke, but a careful study of the Roman forum within the limits of recent excavations will add much to their meaning and interest. The odes of Pindar have been edited and explained by the very best of commentators in Europe and America, yet the most skilful of Pindar's interpreters may do well to resort to the spade of the archæologist if he would do full justice to the subjects of that poet's muse; for the elucidation of the text of the most famous of lyric bards is none the less brilliant when viewed in the light reflected upon it from the excavations at Olympia.

The story of Priam is all the more real if one stand among the ruins which Schliemann and Doerpfeld have uncovered—ruins that to the minds of these eminent investigators at least are no other than those of the Trojan city itself. And one may read again and again of the moral effect upon the enemies of Athens of the colossal statue of *Athenè Promachos* of Phidias; but to appreciate that effect one must see the Acropolis on which it stood, and take in with the eye the superb proportions of mountain, plain, and sea, that contributed to the picture of which the goddess, with her golden helm and spear glittering in the western sunlight, was the central and commanding figure. And so we turn to archæology for a nearer view of that which the ancient literatures have to teach, for archæology has to do with the more visible and tangible side of our subject—with the art, architecture, and concrete life of the antique world.

What wonder then that men should seek to restore the ancient stadium at Athens, and to reproduce there, under a Greek sky and amid Greek scenery, the famous festival of the Olympic Games—an institution once potent above all others in its unifying influence upon the scattered and often detached elements of the great Hellenic race, which, at the time of

which we are now speaking, was widely spread over the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, from the Pillars of Hercules on the west to Asia Minor and even Antioch on the east, and from Cyrenè to Epidaurus and Corfù.

Nor is the secret of this influence strange or difficult. The Greeks were nothing if not athletic. Their innate love of the beautiful prompted them to make the most in every way of the human form. Their art, their poetry, even their religion, were associated with the idea of a highly organised and evenly developed humanity, and not the least important part of this humanity was the body. Hence the *palaestra*, and all athletic gatherings, and the peculiar appeal which the greatest of these gatherings made to the universal mind of Hellas. That a whole nation should assemble its various elements together in one place, at regularly recurring intervals of time, for the avowed purpose of carrying on athletic contests, could mean only the association of these contests with definite principles or policies in the Hellenic consciousness.

Now the Greeks had a distinct sense of the unity of their religion, notwithstanding its varied character. They had also an appreciation of their political indivisibility or oneness, which they distinguished from what they

termed barbarism. The great celebrations at Olympia not only exemplified publicly and on the largest possible scale that habit of physical training which was connected with their religion and was the common practice of their every-day life, but gave wide recognition also to the idea that beauty of person and strength and grace of movement, as well as perfection in certain mental and moral attributes, such as courage, endurance, high thinking, and the like, belonged exclusively to those who put their faith in the gods, and ranged themselves under the national title of Hellenes.

Accordingly such an occasion as the festival of the Olympic Games in ancient times was emphatically and sweepingly national in character. It may be difficult for us to comprehend this fact, since we differ so widely from the Greeks in our general view of life and of its supreme interests. But we must not fail to bear it in mind if we would gauge correctly the importance of the Olympic and (but to a less extent) other similar celebrations, in the eyes of the ancients. Even from our own more modern and practical standpoint, the great value of public gatherings in which athletic and other rivalries are the order of the day may be seen in a light that is by no means dim or obscure.

Two facts connected with national sports in Greece may easily be overlooked. In the first place, the universal practice of various forms of physical exercise served as a decided check upon the constant influx of Oriental luxury and weakness. In the second place, such occasions as that which we are considering, involving, as they did, an immense concourse of people from far and near, possessed a publicity seldom exceeded in Greek or even in modern institutions. Whatever was done at the Olympic festival was known throughout the Greek world. Thus the games served as an organ of public opinion, not inaptly compared to the power of the Press.

The restoration of the stadium at Athens was not so difficult a matter as many other restorations of antique monuments have proved to be. The depression between two hills, where the old stadium had lain, was but slightly changed from what nature first had made it, and recent excavations had uncovered the remains which marked the lines of the ancient structure. The original building, constructed by the orator Lycurgus in the fourth century before Christ, had been replaced, five hundred years afterwards, by one of far greater magnificence. The munificent builder was no less a personage than the renowned Herodes

Atticus himself, whose name is associated with the restoration, in the second century of our era, of many public buildings in Greece—among them the ornate little Odeon, whose walls, orchestra, and cavea are still to be seen on the south-western slope of the Athenian Acropolis.

Having been rewarded for his success in the Panathenaic games, he turned to the spectators and said: "At your next gathering here I promise you a stadium of marble." The marble was brought from Mt. Pentelicus, and four years were allowed for the work of reconstruction. Ancient writers speak of the new stadium as a work surpassing all marvels, whereby they refer in particular to the carvings and sculptured decorations with which Herodes Atticus adorned it. What became of these marble seats and sculptures? The excavations made on this spot in 1869 ought certainly to have revealed them, for they were never destroyed, or even removed, by the Greeks for whose benefit they were originally created. The *sphendonè*, as the semicircular end of the stadium was called, had been buried, through time and neglect, under a deposit of earth ten feet in depth, and when the earth was removed at the expense of King George three lime kilns were discovered in the part

excavated—a fact that furnishes a sad but sufficient answer to our question. Enough only of the ancient marble remained *in situ* to make it clear where once the stones set there by Atticus had rested, and to render it possible, at the recent revival, to put new material on the old foundations.

That the means might not be wanting for this, a patriotic citizen, whose name was George Avéroff, came forward like a second Atticus and promised the necessary funds; and nothing but a lack of sufficient time for the undertaking prevented the work of reconstruction from being completed in Pentelic marble before the opening of the games in the month of April, 1896. As it was, a large part of the cavea had to be finished hurriedly in wood, and the labour of putting in the marble postponed until a later date. The work, however, was subsequently renewed and soon reached a satisfactory fulfilment.

The determination to call the modern games Olympic may seem to be slightly inaccurate. They might more correctly have been termed Panathenaic, in allusion to the ancient festival, which was held every four years at Athens. But it was not the purpose of the International Committee to revive the Panathenaic games. The latter had been instituted in ancient

Athens in honour of the goddess Athena, whose temple stood on the Acropolis, and whose name was intimately associated with the city over which she extended her peculiar and divine protection. The games conducted in her honour were somewhat restricted in character, and of local rather than of cosmopolitan interest. On the contrary, the games of Olympia were universal in their nature and application. They were the great games of Greece, and all Hellas was bidden to their celebration.

Although gymnastic contests were not lacking at the *Panathenaea*, yet this festival was marked by one dominant feature which would have been out of place elsewhere. This was the religious procession, which, at the conclusion of its march through the market-place and the city, was accustomed to halt at the Propylaea, or gateway to the Acropolis, and offer sacrifices to the goddess before entering the sanctuary, and again on the Acropolis itself. Having reached the sacred summit of the hill, the procession paused, and there performed such ceremonies as befitted the greatness of Athena and the glory of her chosen habitation.

The details of this procession formed the subject of the carvings which Phidias and his

pupils elaborated in the beautiful frieze of the Parthenon, that great temple of the Athenians whose walls enclosed the statue, wrought in gold and ivory, which was known to the ancients as *Athenè Parthenos*. This statue of the maiden goddess, thus enshrined in a building of purest Doric,—a building famous to-day both for what it is and for what it has been,—was the work of Phidias himself; and though the image has long since perished (except in replica), yet the noble ruin, whose name suggests the purpose for which the original edifice was designed, is a visible witness still to the reality of that pagan worship in whose interest there developed so much that may be called perfect in Athenian art.

That the frieze of the Parthenon should have been carried away by the British Ambassador at the opening of the nineteenth century is to some minds a subject for general congratulation. Certain it is that in this way these beautiful relics have been saved from utter destruction, to which undoubtedly they were destined, at the hands of the Turks. Nor is there any place outside of Greece in which they could have found a more congenial home, or one in which they would have been displayed to greater advantage, than in the Elgin Room of the British Museum. There,

at almost any hour of any day in the year, the humblest wayfarer may enter and feast his eyes on the delicate sculptures of the frieze, and dwell in thought on the minutest details of the Panathenaic procession. There, against the sides of the great room, and about on a level with the human eye, rest these marble fragments, arranged in their original and intended order, and more accessible by far to human gaze than ever they could have been when, in their proper place on the exterior of the *cella* wall, they were almost hidden from view amid a maze of Doric columns.

But notwithstanding all this, we may perhaps venture to entertain a hope that the time is not far distant when England's artistic conscience will be quickened, and the Elgin marbles be restored to their rightful place in the Acropolis museum. Indeed, this hope would seem fairly justified when it is considered that the question of their safety in Athens has long ago ceased to be doubtful; while, if the Parthenon is to "suffer restoration" at the hands of the archæologists, the return to Athens not only of the frieze but also of the pediment figures, and such other fragments as have found their way from time to time to distant countries, is a consummation devoutly to be wished,

both by the Greeks themselves and also by the "Barbarians."

However this may be, the frieze of the Parthenon, while it makes plain to us that among the persons occupying places in the Panathenaic procession were the victors in the athletic games of the preceding day, it shows us also that in the same procession marched others whose connection with the games is less obvious. Among these are the consecrated maidens who bear the *peplos* and other *sacra*, in honour of the virgin goddess, while behind them come the Athenian populace marshalled according to their *demès* or boroughs.

Thus the Athenian festival bore a local colouring more distinct and pronounced than that of any one of those pan-Hellenic gatherings which were held in other parts of Greece. The latter were four in number. They have been known to history as the Némean, Pythian, Isthmian, and Olympian Games, according as they were held at Nemea in Argolis, at Delphi, at Corinth, or at Olympia in western Peloponnesus. The last named were probably the oldest. They were certainly the most famous, and whereas the other festivals fell into abeyance at a comparatively early date, the Olympian Games maintained their hold upon the nation until the Christian emperor

Theodosius put forth his edict against them at the close of the fourth century of our era.

The greater celebrity of this festival, therefore, would alone have sanctioned the application of the name to the revival of athletic contests on the soil of Greece — especially if those contests were to be arranged on the largest possible scale of magnificence and to be essentially of an international and cosmopolitan character. Apart from this, the very extent of the undertaking in 1896 precluded the possibility of a representation at Olympia. The Hellenic Committee had other points to consider besides questions of mere sentiment or even of strict historic accuracy. If people were to be invited to Greece from many and distant parts of the civilised world, arrangements must be made for their comfort and convenience. Olympia, important as it was in antiquity, is now a place insignificant in size and wholly inadequate to the accommodation of a large number of visitors—or, indeed, of any visitors at all; and as in ancient times it consisted chiefly of a collection (a very extensive collection, as the remains clearly show) of statues, temples, and other buildings devoted to the purposes of religion and the state, so now the spot is marked by little else than the ruins and fragments of those same public

structures, which German zeal in archæological research has unearthed from the accumulations of the intervening centuries.

In short, Athens and Athens alone would serve the purpose. Nor in general was this a matter for regret. The only real drawback was one of sentiment. There would be a difference in the geographical setting. In all other respects Athens was to be preferred to Olympia. But absolute historical exactness in the revival or renewal of old customs is seldom attainable, and the Olympic Games at Athens were no exception to the rule. They differed from their ancestral prototype in several respects—in none perhaps more, however, than in the matter to which we are now referring; for Athens and Olympia are very differently situated (the one near the sea, the other inland), though they are somewhat similar in certain minor features of their immediate environment.

There is a peculiar uniformity about Greek scenery in spite of its traditional variety. Greece and her islands are but a vast and jagged rock rising from the sea—a chain of mountain peaks having numberless fine points and keen edges, and overtopping innumerable caverns and gorges that open into as many tiny vales, while these again spread out into slightly

broader levels. Every plain, too, has its own little hills and elevations which served in antiquity as the centres or *arces* of fortified towns and villages. Moreover, there are everywhere the same brilliant sky and translucent atmosphere, and seldom an elevated spot of earth whence one may not have a near or distant view of some arm of the sea, which makes its way into the endless windings and curvatures of the shore. Few trees are to be seen on the hillsides. The mountain summits are of bare rock.

If we sail northward through the straits that separate the mainland from the island of Euboea, snow-capped Parnassus looms up behind other peaks on the left. An American gentleman of practical mind, while voyaging thus through Greece, was once heard to express regret that so vast an amount of mother-earth should be "wasted in thin air." A friend and fellow-countryman of the speaker was ready with a not unsuitable rejoinder: so far as he could see "no better could be done with bare rock." The story would be applicable almost anywhere in Greece or the Greek islands.

The change of outlook to one passing suddenly from Olympia to Athens would be as great as could well be imagined by a person accustomed only to Greek scenery. Each place

is set in the midst of a plain, yet, of the two, the plain of Athens is the more extensive, uneven, and rugged, with none of the verdure and woodland that render attractive the region once sacred to the Olympian Zeus. The outlines of Hymettus, inspirer of poets, and the more gigantic proportions of deeply scarred Pentelicus, which, with Parnes, form a distant background to the Grecian metropolis, are not suggested by aught that is immediately visible at Olympia, where the tiny hill of Cronus serves as little more than a convenient screen or prop to the ancient stadium. Yet both places were once consecrated to the worship of the gods, and were the scene every four years of a religious festival, while neither spot, not even Athens, was lacking in those buildings and other appurtenances to its peculiar worship, which at Olympia were ranged in order on the low and level ground, while at Athens they appeared aloft on the Acropolis. In general, then, the Greek capital, the home of the government and the King, was believed to be more suitable, as well as more accessible, than a retired village like the modern Olympia—facts that could not be lightly regarded by the Committee in making their selection of a site for the Olympic Games.

Let us then imagine ourselves already seated

in the stadium at Athens, witnessing the progress of the various athletic events. It is Friday, the fifth and last day of the games. These had been going on since the previous Monday; the day before that, which was Easter, having been distinguished by the unveiling of the statue of Avéroff, at the entrance to the stadium. The period of the year was most opportune for the Greeks, for Easter is their great time for holiday-making, when even the interdict placed by the government on the use of giant torpedoes and other dangerous explosives is in abeyance. Nor did the people fail on this occasion to take advantage of their freedom, the whole of the first day of the week having been remarkable for its resemblance rather to an American Fourth of July than to an ordinary Christian Sunday. Perhaps a parallel to it may be found only in the ancient Roman feast of the Saturnalia, of which the modern carnival in Italy is a reminiscence, when slaves were free, and all the world was abandoned to merry-making and to extravagant pomp and noise.

The first winners of the sports of Monday had been Americans—representatives from the Boston Athletic Association, the Suffolk Athletic Club, Princeton University, and Columbia. Harvard, too, was well, though only indirectly,

represented by Hoyt, a tall and manly-looking undergraduate, who, however, appeared as a member of his athletic club and not as a student of his university. Nevertheless he shed lustre on both alike, for he outdid all competitors in the pole-vaulting on Friday, and subsequently, at the request of the King, made trial of a still higher "notch" at an altitude of $3\frac{80}{100}$ metres. The feat was accomplished, to the evident satisfaction of King George, and amid the acclamation of fifty thousand spectators.

Not only Monday, but Tuesday also, had been marked by American victories, and by the consequent elevation of the Stars and Stripes at the mast-head at the gateway to the stadium. The Danish and the British flags had also had their turn, and the foot-race of fifteen hundred metres had been won by an Australian. But the prowess of the Americans had so affected the minds of the friendly and admiring Greeks as to occasion a certain confusion of ideas. The Director (at that time) of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens is credited with having related how an educated Greek had remarked to him, at the moment of the Australian's success, that the result of the contest was in no respect surprising. "Australian!" said the Greek, "why that is the same as American," and the conversation

was interrupted before the needed correction could be forthcoming.

Indeed, the ideas of the Greeks about America and Americans were not always so enlightened as they might have been, considering the Greeks' friendly intentions; and were not infrequently suggestive of certain notions that prevail in other and less distant parts of Europe. A leading Athenian journal, attempting to account for the apparent superiority of our athletes, made haste to explain that the people of the United States were by inheritance swift and strong, "seeing that they united the physical training of the Anglo-Saxon race with the wild impetuosity of the red-skin."

We may pass over the events of Wednesday, which had taken place outside the stadium, namely, the boat-races in the ancient harbour of *Phaleron* (a doubtful substitute for the ancient chariot races), the pistol- and rifle-shooting (intended to replace the exercise with the javelin), and the fencing matches in the marble rotunda of the Zappeion—a modern building in antique style devoted to the purposes of an exhibition. Nor need we linger over the events of Thursday, when the spectators had reassembled in the stadium and the Germans won in their favourite "turn" exercise, and a victory was scored by the Greeks in a minor

feat of gymnastics. This victory was the first success of what may be termed the home team, and, though intrinsically a small matter, it proved to be a signal for applause such as had not yet been heard. But this was a mere prelude to the good things in store for the Greeks.

Meantime we must note that the exercises are not exclusively Greek in character, but rather a combination of things ancient and modern; and this, notwithstanding a very prevalent sentiment in favour of a strict observance of old Greek custom and an honest adherence to ancient lines. The *pancratium* (*παγκράτιον*), for example, is altogether omitted—doubtless on account of its excessive brutalities. This pass-time, if we may so call it, was introduced at the Olympic Games in 648 B.C., or at the time of the thirty-third Olympiad, according to Pausanias. It united boxing with wrestling and kicking, and constituted a sort of go-as-you-please prize-fight, which frequently resulted in death to one at least of the participants. On the other hand, what was anciently known as the *pentathlon* (*πένταθλον*), or contest of five separate events, cannot be said to have been excluded on this occasion, although its several parts were intermingled with other and more modern sports.

The constituent elements of the pentathlon were "leaping," "running," "hurling the discus," "wrestling," and "throwing the javelin." Of these the last alone was without a place in the recent programme. The contest with the discus was won, not by a Greek, as we might have expected, but by an American, with a Greek as a close second; and in the most interesting of the wrestling bouts a tall and well-built Englishman was immediately overthrown by a short but brawny German. Nothing is more certain than the unexpected; a saying of which the exercises of the pentathlon might give proof, whether in ancient or modern times.

The pancratium and pentathlon together included the chief features of ancient Greek practice, so far as the stadium was concerned; the chariot- and other horse-races having been held always in another structure, situated not far from the stadium and called from its use a *hippodrome*. But in allusion also to the fact that ancient Olympia was the scene of much intellectual activity during the celebration of the games — a place where poets declaimed their pieces, and philosophers discoursed, and even Herodotus read aloud his history of the world, we must mention one other circumstance of the occasion we are describing, which was intended doubtless as a parallel to ancient

custom. The *Antigonè* of Sophocles was prepared by a company of Greek players, and placed on the stage in Athens and in the Piræus.

To those of us who have had the good fortune to see this masterpiece of the ancient drama as it was presented by the faculty and students of Vassar College in 1892, when every effort was made to adhere to ancient tradition and faithfully to reproduce such archæological and historical details as were possible in the existing circumstances,—to these persons undoubtedly there could be little of a striking nature in the somewhat careless and hasty rendition of the piece at Athens. There was, however, a very marked sentimental interest connected with this latter occasion, for the play was given on its native heath, as it were, and by actors who, in their own estimation at least, were of like nationality with the protagonist and deuteragonist of old, whose wonted task was "to excite pity and terror" in the great Dionysiac theatre not many yards away. Moreover, all theoretic pronunciation of the ancient Greek was set aside, and one might have heard the performers speak, as though in another tongue, while they adapted the natural tones of their own vernacular to the language of the Greek tragedians.

Thus, in spite of somewhat indifferent acting and an inferior staging of the play, the actor in the modern theatre at Athens delivered his lines with a certain naturalness that suggested ready appreciation of their meaning and spirit. In this instance, as in that of the *Ajax* exhibited by the Greeks of New York in 1904, the language of Sophocles most assuredly suffered no devitalisation through the use of the modern Greek pronunciation. Indeed, the ancient tongue appeared to be once more living, and in this respect the performance at Athens compared not unfavourably with the more formal (if more scholarly) recital at Vassar.

This brings us again to the events of Friday, from which we had temporarily digressed. The stadium is crowded to its utmost capacity. Fifty thousand people are seated within it, and from the hill-tops look down about twenty thousand more, while many hundreds stand just without the entrance gates to catch what they can of the spirit of the occasion. All Athens is in gala attire. Both public buildings and private dwellings are draped in bunting. Flags are waving from the house-tops, and everywhere conspicuously posted are the initial characters of the words, Ὀλυμπικοὶ Ἀγῶνες, or Olympic Games. The two groups of Arabic numerals, 776 and 1896, are equally

prominent, the former having reference to that year before our era, when Corœbus was victorious in the foot-race, and when the employment of the Olympiad as a chronological unit is thought to have been first proposed and instituted; the latter serving to suggest the renascence now in progress of that same quadrennial festival, and its celebration in one of the great capitals of Christendom.

Let us then imagine ourselves to be seated in the stadium, in full view not only of the *ārea* but also of the royal platform. The King and the Crown Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Princess Marie and her betrothed, the Grand Duke George of Russia, have just entered the stadium and are walking toward their seats within the curvature of the *sphendonè*. They are received by M. Delyannis, President of the Council of Ministers — a man full of years, but noticeable for his courtly bearing and generally distinguished appearance. Near him are the members of the Hellenic and International Committees. The King gives command that the games shall proceed, but omits the elaborate ceremonial with which the formal opening on the previous Monday had been attended.

One cannot but be impressed by the spectacle and the illustration it affords of the

changes wrought by time in men's ideas. A Christian king presides at the revival of a pagan festival, which fifteen centuries before had been suppressed because it was pagan by a Christian emperor; while a Christian preacher, the celebrated Dominican, Père Didon, is reported to have delivered, at this same revival, a masterly panegyric on pagan Greece, a country once regarded as the source of all impiety by the Christian world.

In the ārea of the stadium stand the athletes, of various nationalities. Greece, Switzerland, Denmark, France, Germany, Hungary, England, Australia, and the United States are all represented. The absence of representatives from Italy, Austria, and Turkey is remarked, and the paucity of Englishmen is both criticised and regretted. Prince George of Greece is conspicuous in the ārea, not only for his unusual height and athletic figure, but also because he is the chief referee; and the American contestants are adding to their popularity by wearing the Greek colours in combination with the red, white, and blue.

It is three o'clock in the afternoon. The various trials of skill and strength are in progress, and result, with scarcely an exception, in victory for the Stars and Stripes. Meanwhile one's interest in the proceedings is fre

quently interrupted by a curious restlessness in the spectators. At unexpected moments the people suddenly rise from their seats and cast inquiring and uneasy glances towards the entrance. It is Marathon day, and the news has gone abroad that at two o'clock began the great race from Marathon to Athens.

The Greeks have not expected much success for their own countrymen. Unlike their namesakes of antiquity they are novices in the matter of athletic sports. But one event above all others they feel that they cannot afford to lose—the long-distance run from Marathon. Young Greeks have been training for it for months. The very heart of the nation is set on winning the prize offered by a member of the French Institute to the man who, after leaving Marathon, shall be the first to enter the stadium and present himself to the King.

It may seem strange that Greek feeling should have been so keen about a matter that after all could signify little in itself. To appreciate it we must comprehend the depth of Greek patriotism, and observe the pride that the nation takes in its past. The great age and all the relics and reminders of that age are sacred in the national mind. It is on these that Greece plumes herself, and one of the precious remnants of that period of renown is

the memory of the victory at Marathon. The defeat of the Persians was announced to the Athenians, if we may believe the story, by a soldier who ran the forty kilometres or twenty-five miles on the day of the battle, and the contest we are speaking of has been arranged to commemorate that event. It is handed down in the annals of the nation that the ancient runner, when he reached his goal, exclaimed *Χαίρετε· νικῶμεν!* "Rejoice: the victory is ours!" and fell dead from exhaustion; and it is said that many a young Greek, could he have won the race from Marathon, would have been willing to lose his life in the effort.

Eighteen contestants have entered, and one hundred thousand people within and in the neighbourhood of the stadium are anxiously awaiting the finish. It is afterwards learned that an American, a Frenchman, and an Australian have each been in the lead, and that each has succumbed to the strain. Germany and Hungary also are in the race, but a plurality of the runners are Greeks. The desire is universal that a Greek shall win. Suddenly there is commotion among the horsemen on guard at the entrance. The spectators rise and again strain their gaze in the direction of the road from Marathon. A cannon shot is heard in the distance—the signal that the first

man is approaching. As he enters the stadium he is seen to be wearing the short, white kilt of the Greek peasant.

The people are truly wild with delight. Men shout, women weep, and some one lets loose a flock of doves trailing the Greek colours from their feet. The band strikes up the national anthem, while Prince George goes to meet the young hero and runs with him the full length of the stadium. The two halt before the royal platform. The Crown Prince embraces the youth, and the King, taking him by the hand, thanks him publicly for having done so well for his country. The spectators leave their seats to get a nearer view of him, and it has been said that he would have suffocated had not the two princes taken him to a place of safety. It was a scene not easy to forget.

The name of the young Greek was Spyridion Louès. He was twenty-four years old, and the son of a peasant farmer of Marousi, a village not far from Athens. He covered the stretch of twenty-five miles in two hours, fifty-eight minutes, and fifty seconds, over a road the reverse of smooth, and under circumstances that must have proved trying to the strongest and the pluckiest. His seriousness of purpose was manifested in the fact that before going out to Marathon for the start he took the

sacrament from the priest of his native village, and it was currently reported in Athens that he thought the effort might kill him, but that he preferred death to defeat.

One might have read in the ephemeral literature of the period the many stories and anecdotes concerning him that sprang up, as it were, in a single night. Certain it is that his fellow-citizens vied with one another to do him honour. Sums of money, suits of clothes, gold watches, as well as the freedom of cafés and barber-shops were literally thrust upon him. A wealthy Athenian was eager to sign a cheque for ten thousand francs to his credit, and an inn-keeper presented him with an order for three hundred and sixty-five meals at his establishment.

But Louès was unwilling to be paid for what he had done. It was his evident determination to avoid all appearance of professionalism. The victory was its own reward, and the ancient olive wreath, the token and symbol of achievement, was all that he could desire. So he declined every offer, and hurried away to his own home, to share his happiness with his parents and his friends.

The formal distribution of prizes took place in the stadium on the Wednesday following the day of the great race. The stadium was

well filled, though not overcrowded as on the previous Friday, and the King and other dignitaries were in their accustomed seats. As is well known, a wreath made of the leaves of the wild-olive, which was sacred, was the chief and the most coveted of the rewards bestowed on an Olympic victor in ancient times, and the spirit of the present occasion would brook no flagrant departure from this rule. At Olympia there was a quadrangular enclosure of peculiar sanctity called the Altis. Within it stood many works of Hellenic art—the most exquisite perhaps in Greece. Among these were the temples of Zeus and Hera, and the treasure houses of many Hellenic states, besides innumerable statues of those victors in the Olympic Games who perhaps had elected to be portrayed in marble by Phidias, in preference to being celebrated in verse by Pindar. Alas for the frailty of human judgment! The marbles have perished; the verses of Pindar still live. There also stood the famous *Hermes* of Praxiteles, and there too was gathered the sacred olive-leaf, the prize of victory.

So now, as in the olden time, branches of the wild-olive, cut within the excavated precincts of the Altis, have been brought to Athens for distribution among the victors. As the King steps forward to present the token, he takes

the young athletes by the hand and speaks to them words of compliment and eulogy. A diploma and a medal were added to the olive-branch, but were less highly prized by the recipients; and Louès was constrained to accept a costly vase, which, however, he presented to the museum.

The athletes then formed in line and marched in procession around the stadium, with banners and branches waving. Spyridion Louès was at their head. He was followed by the Americans, the Hungarians, the French, the Australians, the Germans, in the order named. This marked the close of the celebration of the new Olympiad.

As in antiquity the Olympic victors were banqueted in the Prytaneum of the Altis, so now the conclusion of the festival at Athens was distinguished by entertainments both public and private, at which the wide-spread satisfaction over all that had taken place was voiced in many a post-prandial oration, and amid endless hilarity and good cheer. Torchlight processions marched gaily through the streets, and filed past the royal palace. The Acropolis was illuminated with blue lights and electricity, and these being reflected from the marbles of the Parthenon and Erechtheum made grimly visible by night the shattered skeletons of those

venerable ruins. The King, at a breakfast held in honour of the athletes, in the palace, gave happy expression to his pride and gratification, hinting not obscurely at his most earnest wish that the strangers who had favoured Greece with their presence should look upon his country as the common meeting-ground of the nations, and as the abiding-place and future home of the Olympic Games. This sentiment was supported and indorsed by the American visitors, who at once drew up a formal resolution to that effect, notwithstanding the fact that the International Committee had proposed to hold the festival, in 1904, in New York.

This action on the part of the Americans was unwelcome to the French, who looked forward to a celebration, four years from that time, in Paris. The question is discussed in the *Century Magazine* for November, 1896, by the French representative, M. Coubertin, who had done more than any man, except the Crown Prince and Professor Waldstein, to render the games at Athens a success. The views of King George, however, were those which, in the judgment of all disinterested and art-loving persons, ought certainly to have prevailed. That they did not do so was owing, in a measure at least, to the subsequent un-

happy condition of the country, when the war with Turkey placed obstacles in the way of their realisation, that appeared for the time to be insuperable. Nevertheless correct sentiment and a sense of the eternal fitness of things must ever insist that the true place for the maintenance and continuation of this most characteristic of Greek institutions is to be found, not in Paris nor London nor New York, but on its native soil, under the brilliant sky of Attica, and within the time-honoured area of the stadium of Avéroff.

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